

The English Feast of Our Lady's Conception.

IF the festival of the Conception of our Lady had never been kept in the Western Church, the question of her *Immaculate* Conception would never in all probability have been so keenly discussed as to call for formal definition. Again, if England had not led the way in consecrating the eighth day of December to the honour of Mary's special privilege, the feast would never, or at least not so soon, have been known and observed in the West. It is to Catholic England therefore, and especially to Benedictine England of the twelfth and succeeding centuries, that the Church owes in a very special way the important definition of dogma pronounced in our own times.

In the matter of popular devotion England's influence has been widely felt. The shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury ranked after that of St. James of Compostella and Our Lady of Loreto among the great sanctuaries of the world. It was not indeed the glory of England to be the birthplace of the Rosary or of the *cultus* of the Sacred Heart, but the Brown Scapular is hers and I believe the devotion to the Holy Name, and lastly, what concerns us more particularly at present, to her is especially due the celebration of our Lady's Immaculate Conception.

The history of this devotion has naturally of recent years been worked out very thoroughly. From a dogmatic and patristic point of view, Fathers Passaglia and Ballerini have left little to be said. As a liturgical celebration, the observances of the Eastern Church have been discussed by J. A. Assemani and Father Martinov,¹ and all make it abundantly clear that the feast has been kept in the East on December 9th, at least

¹ In his *Annus Ecclesiasticus Graco-Slavicus*, p. 303. We must not forget in any review of the literature of the subject the important work of Mgr. Malou and the articles by Father de Buck in the *Études* for 1860. There is an excellent summary of all except the English authorities in the *Kirchenlexikon*, s.v. *Empfängniss*.

from the eighth century, though probably rather as a festival of St. Anne than as a glory of our Lady. With regard to the West, which alone is of any importance for the growth of the modern devotion, Father Bridgett, in his charming book *Our Lady's Dowry*, has stated more clearly than any previous writer the share of England in its propagation. Taking his results, and combining them with certain references to the feast in Hampson's *Calendarium* and in Mr. Warren's volume on the Leofric Missal, I was inclined to think that there were hopes of carrying the investigation yet a step further back, when I recently became aware from an Appendix in Father Bridgett's latest edition that all further discussion had been rendered superfluous by a masterly article on the subject in the *Downside Review*.¹ The article is not signed, but it is not difficult to guess its authorship. I can only trust that the writer will pardon me if I borrow largely from the stores he has accumulated, while attempting in very brief compass to make the history of our Lady's great festival still more widely known.

That the feast of the Conception of our Lady is of English origin, as far at least as relates to its general adoption in the West, passed without dispute amongst liturgical writers for many centuries. Baronius and Benedict XIV. both affirm it, and they proceed further to connect its first introduction with the name of St. Anselm during the time that he was Archbishop of Canterbury. Undoubtedly among the reputed works of that holy Doctor there is to be found a *tractate* on this subject;² a work full of tender devotion to our Lady, which establishes upon a basis of sound theological argument the reasonableness of the devotion, but which admits that, though known to earlier ages, it had fallen into oblivion. In a separate discourse,³ which generally accompanies the first, a long story is told of the vision of a certain Abbot Elsi, Abbot of Ramsey in the time of William the Conqueror, who, returning from an embassy to Denmark, was in imminent danger of shipwreck, and to whom an Angel appeared commanding the Abbot in commemoration of the preservation our Lady obtained for him, to establish upon the 8th of December a festival in honour of her Conception. This story, whatever its origin may have been, was undoubtedly very widely known in the twelfth century, or even earlier. It

¹ April, 1886, p. 107.

² *Tractatus de Conceptione B. Mariae Virginis.* Migne, P.L. vol. 159, col. 302.

³ *Sermo de Conceptione B. Mariæ*, col. 319.

was told in Denmark, and embodied in their liturgical offices in almost the same terms in which we find it in St. Anselm,¹ it was repeated by such Anglo-Norman writers as Wace and the chronicler of La Trappe,² it appears to be hinted at by St. Bernard, and though it did not find its way into the Sarum Breviary, it may still be read, if I mistake not, in an abbreviated form in the *Martiloge in Englysshe*, which was edited by R. Whytford in 1526. We may reproduce here for curiosity's sake some fragments of a metrical version of it which has not, I think, been printed before. The writer, a Marian priest named William Forrest,³ who suffered much for justice' sake under Elizabeth, deserves to be remembered, not certainly for his poetical gifts, but for the tender devotion to our Lady which has led him to fill a whole volume with her praises.

The piece is headed—

AN HYSTORIE MYRACULOUS HOWE THE FEASTE OF THE CONCEPTION
OF THE GLORYOUS VYRGYN MARY WAS BEGOONE: IN THE TYME
OF THE NOBLE KYNGE WYLLIAM THE CONQUEROUR.

In the first few stanzas we have described for us how King William sent Abbot Elsi on an embassy to propitiate Swend. The negotiations are successful, and the Abbot prepares to return home by sea. On the way "a much sturdy tempest" overtakes them.

The wind, it blew with blaste vehement
The waves arose in moste grievous sort
The tackling dide break, sails all to-rent
The maste to the top was torné all aforste.

However, they set to their prayers, and an Angel appears to them.

A seemly person, an angel flourishing,
Bright as the stars appearing in the east,
They sawe on the sea to them approaching,
Which said unto them in sort right earnest,
Would ye escape this dangerous tempest?
They answered, yea, if God would it avouch,
And therewithall full lowly down did couche.

¹ Langebek, *Scriptores Rerum Danicarum*, iii. p. 253.

² See Ullathorne, p. 168.

³ Harleian MS. 1,703. It must be confessed that William Forrest's views on the question of Papal Supremacy appear to have been a little unsound, but he seems to have held out resolutely against Elizabeth's changes in doctrine.

Then said the party, which was God's angel :
 Thou abbot, (I saye), do thine industrie,
 By means thou mayst, to thy sovereign tell,
 And afterwards by shewing openly
 The conception of the Virgin Mary,
 In Christys Church to make yt hallowed
 And thou in this stresse shalt be delyvered.

Oh, (he said) yf I wiste of the day,
 And in what sort her service be said,
 I wolde do the furtherance that in me lay,
 Your message herein to have it obeyed.
 The angel answered (the wynd not allayed)
 The day must be, do thou yt remember,
 The eighth day of the monethe of December.

The servyce none other do use that day,
 But that is said on her Nativytie,
 Changing this word *nativitas* alway
 Into *conceptio*, yt well shall agree,
 And so, at her sute, ye shall now go free.
 The abbot, with all in presence that tyde,
 Promised they would to the purpose provide.

The vysyon forthewithe it vanished then,
 And the tempest gan sodaynlye aslake,
 Such calme ensuyng, as at the time when
 Christ holp his disciples neare to shippwreke.

The writer adds later :

Of thyss feaste St. Anselme maketh rehearsall
 How it first began, miraculously.

It has been said that this story and the treatise in which it is contained were universally fathered upon St. Anselm, and are still printed in his works. In the great St. Maur edition however of Dom Gerberon, the editor rejects this dissertation as spurious; nor is it easy to answer satisfactorily the arguments by which he supports this conclusion. The best we can say for it is that the mistaken attribution must have arisen at a very early date, for long before the Council of Canterbury in 1338 made the feast obligatory on the whole of England and quoted St. Anselm's authority, it appears under his name in MSS. of the twelfth century which are devoted to Anselm's undoubted works. Leaving on one side, however, the question of authorship, what is to be said of the truth of the story itself? It was at one time asserted that no such person as Elsi ever existed, but as Mr. Freeman and Father Bridgett have made it abundantly clear, not only is it certain that Elsi was Abbot of

Ramsey at the time of the Conqueror, a point which is attested by no less authority than *Domesday Book*, but it must also be regarded as an ascertained fact that he was really sent by William on an embassy to Swend, King of Denmark.¹ That he actually received the favour of this angelic apparition is a matter much more difficult to substantiate. The writer in the *Downside Review* qualifies the story as in the highest degree doubtful, principally because, as we shall see, the feast of the Conception of our Lady was known in England before the Conquest. It is perhaps possible to suppose that Elsi, becoming possessed by the idea that he was called to be the apostle of a new devotion, was under some delusion in the matter of the apparition. One of the best attested incidents of his life, recorded in the chronicle of the abbey which he governed, concerns another vision which he believed to have been vouchsafed to him during the brief government of Harold.² He asserted that at the time when Tostig and Harold Hadrada had landed in the North, with the view of making themselves masters of the country, the holy King Edward, then only recently dead, had appeared to him and promised victory to the arms of the English Harold, a prediction which, as we know, was speedily verified in the fight at Stamford Bridge. Clearly it seems to me these two visions must stand or fall together. On the one hand, what little we are told of Elsi's being twice chosen abbot by St. Edward constitutes a presumption in favour of his honesty and sanctity. On the other, it is difficult to understand the object of a supernatural manifestation in favour of a monarch who, though for the moment victorious over one danger which threatened him, was to succumb immediately to a still more serious peril from another quarter. Of course the apparition that relates to our Lady's Conception does not rest upon any evidence as satisfactory as that of the Ramsey Chronicle. Still there is reason to believe that the historical narration attributed to Anselm, which is probably the earliest authority for the story, may really belong to the first part of

¹ See *Norman Conquest*, iv. 135—138, and Appendix P. Mr. Freeman's authority may be accepted as decisive, and there is no need to enter here into the perplexing details of Abbot Elsi's career. It is possible that not a little of the confusion which attends the subject is due to the wide variations in the orthography of Elsi's name. In the Ramsey Chronicle it appears as Ailsius, which probably represents the Saxon *Aethelsige*. In *Domesday* it is Elsi. Other forms are Ailfisius, Egelsinus, Elsinus, and Helsinus.

² *Chronicle of Ramsey Abbey.* Rolls Series, p. 179.

the twelfth century. The Cotton MS. *Vitellius*, A. xvii., of which we shall have more to say, incorporates this narrative as part of a communication from Osbert of Clare to Warin, Dean of Worcester. The writer in the *Downside Review* thinks that the two folios containing it have been interpolated bodily into the original manuscript, and his opinion in such a matter must undoubtedly carry great weight. The imitation of the original handwriting is, however, as he admits, extremely good, and there appear to be no signs of erasure in the preceding leaf except in the gold letters of the title. I think we may allow that there is at least a probability that the story of Elsi's vision was written down as we have it within about fifty years of the time when it is supposed to have occurred.

Putting aside, however, the question whether Abbot Elsi really saw the vision, was self-deluded in the matter, or has merely been made the victim of an impudent story-teller at a later date, we come now to the much more important fact, first clearly established by the writer in the *Downside Review*, that the feast was known, though not generally known, in England before the Conquest. It is curious perhaps that attention has not been drawn to this before, for the evidence of it was already accessible in Hampson's *Calendarium*, a book printed in 1841. The writer however of whom we speak, in the course of his long and patient investigations of manuscript English service-books, has met with at least two calendars unquestionably older than the Conquest which mention on December the 8th the Conception of Mary the Mother of God. These entries are not subsequent insertions, but can be pronounced with tolerable certainty to be the work of the original scribe. But what is still more conclusive, we find in two, if not three, Saxon Benedictionals dating probably from before the Conquest a form of benediction *in die Conceptionis Sancte Dei Genitricis Mariae*. As the Downside article points out, this is more satisfactory evidence than that of a mere entry in a Calendar, and its occurrence in two MSS., both of which have every mark of belonging to the first half of the eleventh century, as well as in the C portion of the Leofric Missal (between 1046—1073), is practically conclusive for the solemn celebration of the feast by episcopal authority before the coming of Duke William. Accordingly, it cannot at any rate be claimed for the supposed vision of Abbot Elsi, that it gave the first suggestion to the English Church of a festival previously unknown.

Perhaps it may be interesting to translate here the Collect assigned to our Lady's Conception in the Leofric Missal. It is the earliest preserved to us in the Churches of the West, and probably of the East as well, and it is quite different from that afterwards used at Sarum, York, or Rome :

O God, who by the mouth of an angel didst foretell to her parents the conception of Blessed Mary the Virgin, grant to thy family here assembled, that we may be fortified by her aid, the solemn rites of whose Conception we honour fitly by our presence.¹

There is still one more point regarding the origin of the English feast which the writer in the *Downside Review* establishes pretty surely. He points out that these pre-Norman calendars and benedictionals of which we have been speaking, either belong directly to Winchester, or without much trouble can be shown to have been influenced by Winchester traditions. We cannot here enter into the details of his investigation ; let it suffice to state his conclusions in his own words : "The probabilities, therefore, on existing evidence, seem to point to this, that the establishment of the feast is due to the monks of Winchester, disciples of St. Ethelwold, and perhaps even to the influence of the Saint himself." Here the writer leaves the question, and it may be readily admitted that if we try to carry the inquiry further we are no longer treading on firm ground. Still perhaps it may be worth while to hazard a conjecture or two which may stimulate inquiry.

And first with regard to the vision of Abbot Elsi. Is it possible that after all the Abbot did contribute to the more general acceptance of the feast, believing himself honestly to have been the recipient of a special revelation ? Well, there is this curious fact. Elsi, Abbot of Ramsey, had previously been Abbot of St. Augustine's, Canterbury ; this we know from the trustworthy records of his own abbey. Now in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, in the twentieth year of the reign of King Edward the Confessor, we find that Æthelsige (the name is merely the Saxon form of Elsi), a monk of the Old Minster, Winchester,² was chosen by the King to be Abbot of St. Augus-

¹ *Leofric Missal.* Edit. Warren, p. 268. The reference at the beginning is to the Apocryphal Gospel of the Nativity of Mary. The whole story is told in a twelfth century MS. at the British Museum, Addit. 15,725, where it is attributed to one Seleucus.

² Mr. Freeman (*Norman Conquest*, ii. 454) says from the New Minster. Whether he speaks from authority I cannot say.

tine's on the death of Wulfric. There can be no doubt, therefore, that the Elsi of the vision, or rather of the two visions, had been brought up as a monk of Winchester, and must have been familiar with the feast of the Conception, almost certainly kept there before it was observed anywhere else in England. The name Elsi was not altogether uncommon, but it seems to have been especially prevalent at Winchester. There was an Abbot Elsi of that ilk who became Archbishop of Canterbury, and of whom a story is told, not by any means a pretty story, that he danced on the effigy of his predecessor in the see because he had kept him so long out of the dignity he coveted, and that afterwards going to Rome, he was miserably frozen to death in crossing the Alps, his feet buried in the entrails of an unfortunate sheep that he had cut open in the hopes of finding a little warmth. There was another Elsi, Bishop of Winchester, and another that was Abbot there, and, what is still more notable, the Manuscript Calendar¹ on which we most rely to prove the early existence of the feast was written by an Elsi. The record of it is to be found on folio 12 b in this curious form :

Frbtfr hxmklimus ft mpnbchxs flshnxm mf scrkpsht ; skt kllk lpngb sblxs. Bmfn.

It is an early attempt at cryptogram on the very simple principle of substituting for all the vowels the next letter of the alphabet. In one word the writer has forgotten his own rule. This being interpreted gives us :

Frater humillimus et monachus Elsinus me scripsit ; sit illi longa salus. Amen.

The humble brother and monk Elsi wrote me ; may lasting welfare be his. Amen.

It is thus even possible that the very Elsi whose name is written here may have been the Abbot who sailed to Denmark. The dates would agree well enough, though there is a difficulty on the score that the Abbot is said to have been chosen from the Old Minster, whereas the Calendar belongs to the New. However this may be, there can be no question that Elsi was a Winchester man, and must have been long familiar with this special observance.

But let us pass on to another matter. It has been already mentioned that our Lady's Conception in the Eastern Church

¹ MS. Cotton, *Titus*, D, 27.

had probably been celebrated from the eighth century. Now there are to be found among the literary and liturgical remains of the Anglo-Saxon period in England more traces of a knowledge of Greek and the influence of the Greek ritual than perhaps is commonly supposed. It would be impossible here to develope this point, which well merits further study, but I may call attention to the not infrequent occurrence in Anglo-Saxon MSS. of such prayers as the Creed, Gloria, or Litanies, in Greek written phonetically in English letters,¹ with an accuracy which shows perfect familiarity with the living Byzantine pronunciation of that date. It may be interesting to give a brief specimen from MS. Harleian 5,642, fol. 47, b. The Greek words are not written in the manuscript, but are printed here underneath the others to make the identification of the words more easy.

*Doxa enipistis theo kepigis irini enan thropis eudokia, enumense
Δόξα ἐν ιψιστις θεῷ καὶ ἵρι γῆς εἰρήνη ἐν ἀνθρώποις εὐδοκίᾳ, αἰνοῦμέν σε
eulogumense proskinumense, &c.
εὐλογούμενός σε προσκυνούμενός σε.*

Now the point which specially concerns our inquiry is the fact that this Greek tradition and Greek influence seems to have been unusually conspicuous at Winchester. There is still in existence a Saxon liturgical manuscript (Bod. 775) which not only contains, according to Mr. Chappell, many traces of Greek diction, but which preserves amongst a collection of Latin sequences the *Gloria in excelsis* in Greek written as above, but marked throughout with "neumes" (the rough musical notation of the period) for public chanting. This MS. can be shown to belong to Winchester in the first years of the eleventh century, in other words the exact period and place where we find the first traces of the feast of the Conception. The conclusion is obvious. If the Winchester monks had intercourse with the Eastern Church, and a tendency to imitate Greek traditions, it would be natural enough that they should welcome from that quarter the suggestion of a new feast in our Lady's honour. That the feast was kept on the 8th of December rather than with the Greeks on the 9th, may perhaps be due to some accidental misplacing of the entry in some Greek calendar preserved in the monastery. Monastic communities are very tenacious of their traditions, and once a particular day had been fixed upon, even in error, it would not be easy to make any change.

¹ See Mr. Chappell's interesting paper in the *Archæologia*, vol. xlvi.

It must be remembered that in thus striving to trace the origins of the feast of the Conception in England, we have left entirely on one side the more important question of its spread and development. That it was not commonly known in England before the Conquest is proved by negative evidence of the very strongest kind. In the great majority of early calendars there is no trace of it; in St. Æthelwold's own Benedictional it is not to be found.¹ No allusion to it, as far as I know, exists in the very considerable mass of late Anglo-Saxon literature, even where we might most expect to meet with it, as in Ælfric's Homilies and other similar collections published by the Early English Text Society. The history, then, of its general adoption throughout the Church is an entirely distinct question, and can only be briefly touched on in the short space that remains to me. Both Naples and Sicily² claim to show early traces of the celebration of this same festival, having borrowed it from the Greeks, but, as has been well remarked, the occurrence of it there, even if it were beyond dispute, "is a mere isolated appearance, and not a living germ." In England, on the other hand, the good seed after a certain comparatively obscure period of germination, began in the twelfth century to sprout most vigorously, and spread from thence steadily and rapidly over the whole area of Western Europe.

It has been, as was remarked above, the common belief that it is to St. Anselm that the propagation of the devotion is mainly due. I am by no means sure that this opinion may not even yet be shown to be well founded; for the early MS. history of St. Anselm's supposed *tractate* has never been subjected to an accurate investigation. There can, however, apparently be no doubt that a portion at least of the initiative attributed to the Archbishop of Canterbury was really due to another ecclesiastic of the same name, his nephew Anselm, Abbot of Bury-St.-Edmund's. It is to the research of the Bollandist Father Victor de Buck³ that we principally owe this important contribution to the history. In the letters of Osbert of Clare, as Father de Buck points out, we find the devotion in the early stages of its development struggling against powerful

¹ See *Archæologia*, vol. xxiv.

² The contention that it was observed at an early date in Spain is now generally abandoned.

³ In the *Études*, 1860, pp. 64 and 545.

opposition, an opposition similar to that which it encountered in France a few years later from no less devoted a servant of our Lady than St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux. Now amongst the correspondents to whom Osbert writes most strongly on this subject, congratulating him on his exertions in our Lady's cause, is this same Anselm the younger, whom we also know to have established the feast at Bury-St.-Edmund's.¹ It is natural to conclude that the action of the nephew may have been attributed by mistake to his more celebrated uncle, and that the tracts printed in St. Anselm's works may have been really written by Anselm, the Abbot of Bury-St.-Edmund's. What lends some further probability to the conjecture is the fact that the younger Anselm, before he came to England, had held high office in the Greek Monastery of St. Sabas in Rome, where, since the Greek rite was followed, some feast of the Conception was probably familiar. However this may have been, Osbert of Clare's letters² make it evident that he and the younger Anselm, and Gilbert the Universal, Bishop of London, and Hugh, then Abbot of Reading, but afterwards Bishop of Rouen, were all energetically engaged in propagating the devotion. It is extremely probable that in the London Synod of 1129, as the Tewkesbury Chronicles and Stowe explicitly state, the feast was authoritatively approved. Father de Buck shows that Hugh, when Bishop of Rouen, introduced it there, and helped to spread it in Normandy, and indeed throughout the rest of the century the feast became the subject of keen discussion, and gained ground year by year in all the countries of the West.

It is interesting also to remark from the same Osbert's letters, that even at that early date (the letter I particularly refer to belongs to 1128) it was not our Lady's Conception merely, but her Immaculate Conception, that was uppermost in men's minds. I can only find room for two brief extracts from a passage, which explains the doctrine as scientifically as any modern theologian could explain it:

The Most High therefore sanctified the Tabernacle in which He was to dwell, and in the very moment of her creation and conception in her mother's womb, He cleansed this fabric, this chamber built upon

¹ See *Downside Review*, p. 116, note.

² In Cotton MS. *Vitellius*, A. xvii. Anstruther's printed edition omits many passages of the letters referring to the feast of the Conception.

the seven pillars of the Holy Ghost, from every stain. He scoured it, He illumined it, and He left no trace of impurity in that flesh, from which the Flesh was to be assumed which was given for our Redemption.

And elsewhere :

For as it was possible to God to give a helpmate to the man,—our first mother fashioned without sin out of the rib of Adam; so we believe that it was not impossible to Him, from out the mass of Adam's transgression (*ex massa prævaricationis Adæ*), without stain of sin, to sanctify in her very conception the Blessed Virgin Mary, through whom He gave to the human race its own predestined Helpmate Who was to raise it from death to life.¹

Perhaps it was some lingering of the spirit which drew Englishmen first to recognize the beauty and the divine congruity of this doctrine, which has inspired even in our own times a Protestant poet to sing :

Mother ! whose virgin bosom was uncrost
 With the least shade of thought to sin allied ;
 Woman ! above all women glorified,
 Our tainted nature's solitary boast ;
 Purer than foam on central ocean tost ;
 Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strown
 With fancied roses ; than the unblemished moon
 Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast ;
 Thy image falls to earth.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ MS. Cotton, *Vitellius, A*, xvii. fol. 25 b. These passages have never yet been printed. It is a pity that a complete edition of Osbert's letters has not found a place in some collection of mediæval texts.

The Authenticity of the Holy Coat of Treves.

THE recent exposition of the Holy Coat of Treves has attracted no little attention all over the world. Catholic writers everywhere and rightly assume that it is what it professes to be, the Seamless Robe of Christ for which the soldiers drew lots beneath the Cross. Protestant Germany, where party feeling runs high, sneers at it without any attempt to examine whether it is authentic or not. *Kladderadatsch*, the comic paper of Berlin, represents a procession of the pilgrims who visit it under the guise of a long line of bullfinches, birds who are in Germany a synonym for simpletons. The English newspapers have been divided. Some few of them have treated it as an imposture, but the majority, and above all the chief representative organ of the opinions of cultivated Englishmen, has spoken of it with a respect which indicates the increasing willingness of the nation to inquire into Catholic usages and beliefs in a spirit of unprejudiced and friendly criticism. Educated men have become aware that there are none who require a stricter evidence in favour of the authenticity of miracles or relics, than the authorities of the Catholic Church when called upon to pronounce authoritatively respecting them.

The Bishop of Treves, in the Pastoral which he issued before the Holy Coat was exposed for veneration, has thrown the weight of his episcopal authority into the scale of belief, and asserted his own conviction that it was really the garment spoken of in the Gospel. The expression of his opinion ought to carry great weight with every unprejudiced investigator. There is a strong presumption that one who has such a weight of responsibility in making any declaration will make sure of his ground before he expresses his opinion. Yet it would still be open to any one who thought he had good reason to doubt of its authenticity, to disagree and to assert his disagreement from the opinion of the Bishop. The authenticity of the Holy Coat does not rest on any decision issued by the authorities

of the Church. Every man is free to judge on the evidence before him. In point of fact, a learned canon of Treves, as we have already seen, wrote a pamphlet some years since, asserting that at most only a small portion of the Holy Coat is still preserved there; and the Bishop, so far from using his authority to silence him, had the case in which it was preserved opened, and appointed a commission of experts to examine whether there was any ground for the doubts expressed. The results were stated in the official "protocol" or *procès verbal*, to which we have referred, and are calculated to set at rest the various objections that have been made. We claim for the Holy Coat at Treves an authenticity sufficiently established, apart from any decision of authority, on the ground of independent proof, internal or external. It is on this ground only that we have any right to ask of those outside the Church to accept our belief in it.

One of the most important points to be decided as a preliminary of our examination of the authenticity of the Robe of Treves, is whether it corresponds to any of the garments ordinarily worn in the time of our Lord. During the life at Nazareth, Jesus would naturally wear the dress of a boy and youth of the artisan class; during His Sacred Ministry, we should expect to find Him clad in the same manner as Jews of the middle or upper middle class. He was addressed as "Rabbi" by His disciples, and though His life was one of poverty and dependence, it was not one of penury. It would have been unseemly if a Master and Teacher of men had been remarkable for any signs of indigence. We should therefore expect His garments to be of average ordinary material, shape, and size. Now the dress of a Jew of the upper class in the time of Christ generally consisted of two or three different garments, according to the season of year.

Next the skin was a sort of shirt fitting close (*Kethoneth, subucula*), made of linen or cotton, and coming down to the knees or ankles, sometimes with sleeves and sometimes without them.

2. Over this was a tunic (*Me-il, χιτών, tunica*), which was loose about the body, and was fastened in with a girdle round the waist. In the lower class the tunic came down to the knees, and in the upper class to the ankles. To wear it very long was a sign of affectation and pride, and it is for this reason that our Lord warns His disciples: "Beware of the scribes,

who love to walk in long robes, and to be saluted in the market-place."¹ The Hebrew name *Me-il* (from *maal*, to cover) indicates that its essence was that it was worn over some other garment. In 1 Kings xviii. 4, it is the coat of which Jonathan first strips himself when he gives his garments to David. It is the fisherman's coat which St. Peter puts on before throwing himself into the sea to come to our Lord.²

3. Besides these two, which were the ordinary dress of a Jew, there was a third garment sometimes worn, called in Hebrew *simlah* or *beged*. This was a sort of shawl or rug, generally square, and wrapped round the body, but sometimes of smaller dimensions, put over the head and covering the shoulders, so as to be a cape rather than a cloak. This is probably the garment alluded to by writers of the twelfth century, when they speak of the relic of Argenteuil as *Cappa pueri Jesu*.

Now the Holy Coat of Treves corresponds exactly to the second of these garments. It is of the ordinary shape, and its length is a medium between the short tunics worn by the poorer class and the long ones used by the wealthy. It is 4 ft. 9 in. long in front, and 5 ft. behind. The width is 2 ft. 3 in. at the top (sleeves excluded), and 3 ft. at the bottom. The sleeves are 1 ft. 6 in. long and 1 ft. broad.

There is then no sort of historical difficulty attaching to size, appearance, or texture of the Sacred Robe of Treves. On the contrary, we find it corresponding to what it professes to be, a garment such as was worn by the Jews in historical times. If it was a mediaeval imposture, it is a very extraordinary thing that so exact an imitation was effected of the garment that our Lord must in fact have ordinarily worn.

But is it *a priori* a probable thing that the Robe that our Lord wore as He ascended the Mount of Calvary, and of which He was stripped before His Crucifixion, would be preserved from then till now?

When we read the incidents of His Crucifixion and the account of those who were present on Calvary, it would have been a strange thing if the Seamless Robe of Jesus Christ had been left in the possession of the soldiers who cast lots for

¹ St. Mark xii. 38.

² The Greek ἐπενδύτης is the exact equivalent of the Hebrew *me-il*. Sometimes it is rather a mantle than a coat, and is so translated in 1 Kings xv. 27; xxvii. 14.

it. Next to the Sacred Body of our Lord, the garment that He had worn would be the most precious object in the world still left to those who loved Him. We see the reverence which men pay to the garments soaked with the blood of some hero who has laid down his life for his country, the loving care with which is preserved the coat that Nelson wore at Trafalgar, or the shirt stained with his blood. We know how when martyrs died for the Faith, the least morsel of the garments worn by them on the scaffold have been regarded as priceless treasures. How much more would this be the case when Blood with which His Robe was dyed was the Blood with which the world was redeemed, the Blood of one who was not only Man but also God? We can scarcely exaggerate the intensity of eagerness which must have filled the minds of the followers of our Lord to obtain possession of the Robe dyed with His Precious Blood. Can we imagine that rich men like Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea would have allowed it to fall into the hands of His enemies, of pagans or unbelievers? If Joseph thought it a privilege to give the garden and tomb to receive His Sacred Body, if he went boldly to Pilate, knowing that he was doing so at the risk of his own life, to beg for the lifeless Body of Jesus, if he and Nicodemus spent large sums on perfumes and ointment, is it likely, is it possible, that they would not have secured the Seamless Robe which Mary's hands are said to have woven and which must have been still dyed with that Sacred Blood which called for the adoring homage of angels and of men? Would St. Mary Magdalen, who was rich, have allowed it to remain in the hands of brutal soldiers, in whose eyes it was of no special value beyond the mere value of the material and workmanship, and who would have been glad to sell it to the friends of Christ? We may then fairly assume a strong *a priori* probability that it was treasured up, as the other instruments of the Passion were treasured up, by the first Christians. They would consider it as of all relics the most precious. We know that His Cross was buried deep beneath the ground by the Jews, to prevent the disciples of our Lord from obtaining possession of and venerating it. But to His Seamless Robe there was owing at least a similar veneration to that due to the Cross. He had been clad in it for months or years; it had covered Him during the sweat of blood, it had been torn off during the scourging at the pillar, and again thrust on His bleeding limbs

before He started on the Way of the Cross. During His lifetime it had worked extraordinary miracles by the mere touch of it. Would this precious, sacred, wonder-working garment be allowed to fall into the hands of infidels? Impossible!

We know nothing of the early history of the relic, but if we believe in Christian relics at all, we may assume that none of the memorials of the Passion was more carefully preserved than it. The absence of any documentary evidence for its possession by the Christian community in those early days is no more an argument against its authenticity than is the absence of any writ of transfer or proof of purchase any argument against the right of some family to the lands that they have held as an inheritance from remote antiquity. The mere fact that they are in possession and that there is no ground for disputing their right, and that an unbroken tradition proclaims the land to be theirs, is quite sufficient. So, too, the possession of the Holy Coat by the Church of Treves for fifteen centuries, and the absence of any sort of reason for doubting its authenticity, and the undisputed tradition that St. Helena brought it from the Holy Land and regarded it as the undoubted garment of Christ our Lord is of itself not only a strong presumption in its favour, but a presumption which comes very near to proof positive.

But to the negative argument from the absence of any reason for doubt, and from its correspondence to Jewish garments, and from the unspeakable value it possessed in the eyes of the friends of Jesus, are happily added other arguments so strong that we do not see how any unprejudiced person can refuse to accept them. We have already described the appearance of the Holy Coat and the lining beneath it and the covering of damask which was formerly spread over its whole surface, though now it has nearly all disappeared. It is worth while to recur to the conclusions which necessarily follow from the presence of this precious covering, and the knowledge that we have of its antiquity of origin. It is most costly and of the finest Eastern workmanship. It dates from some time between the fourth and the seventh centuries. This is established by certain antiquarian evidence. To devote a valuable and expensive silk covering to the protection of a garment the material of which was in itself valueless, and was, moreover, old and worn, would have been ridiculous unless for some reason or other it had a title to honour by reason of some incidental circumstances attached

to it. To bring this silk from Eastern climes proves that there must have been a very special honour attaching to the garment, and points to its having had its origin in the same quarter of the world. The mere fact of its needing a covering to protect it shows that the lapse of time was beginning to do the work of destruction.

We next come to the strictly historical question. The thesis that we have to establish as morally certain is that the Holy Coat was brought by St. Helena from the Holy Land and presented to the Church of Treves. We shall have to bring forward the various details which combine to form a cumulus of evidence on the subject, not copied one from the other or forming links depending on each other in such fashion that if one falls to the ground or is judged insufficiently proved, the rest fall with it, but all independent of each other and tending independently to the same end.

First of all, What has St. Helena to do with Treves? Here we have the sure ground of contemporary history. Whether St. Helena was a native of Treves or of the neighbouring village of Euren, we do not pretend to decide. But we know that her husband, Constantius Chlorus, who received from the Emperors Diocletian and Maximian the title of Cæsar, and was entrusted with the government of Gaul, Spain, and Britain, had fixed his residence at Treves. Constantine, the son of Chlorus and Helena, came to the throne in 300, and in 306 took up his abode there. His mother, to whom he was fondly attached, continued to dwell in Treves after his accession. She was a pagan during the greater part of her life, and was not converted until 311 or 312, when she was over sixty years of age. She was baptized by St. Agritius, the Bishop of Treves, and some years after her conversion she handed over her palace to the Bishop, to form part of his Cathedral, where the position it occupied can still be traced in the outline of the modern edifice. It was not until the year 326 that St. Helena made her celebrated pilgrimage to Jerusalem. The Church of Christ had but lately escaped from the time of cruel oppression and persecution through which it had struggled during three centuries. The relics of our Lord's Passion had hitherto perforce been hidden away with the greatest care from the search of the enemy. Now at length, there came to the Holy City an Imperial personage who brought, not fresh insults and new devices for destroying the religion of the Crucified, but the homage of her loyal faith and devotion,

who was a Christian as well as an Empress, and not only a Christian, but a Saint burning with a love for the Crucified, and having one object, and one only, to make atonement for the crimes of her ancestors by the honour she would pay to Christ and all that bore the name of Christian. We need not repeat here the oft-told story of her finding of the Holy Cross beneath the heaped-up rubbish under which it had been hidden. We can imagine how joyfully the Christian population displayed their long-concealed treasures to the noble lady whose indefatigable zeal had recovered for them the most precious of all relics, the Holy Cross on which our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ had died. To imagine that she can have had some ordinary garment palmed off on her as the Robe of Christ, is a theory which it is impossible directly to disprove, but it is so utterly improbable that the pious Christians of Jerusalem should have been guilty of such a fraud, that we may safely dismiss the supposition as one that need not be entertained.

We next come to the historical evidence which goes to prove that the Garment at Treves is really that which was given to the Cathedral by St. Helena, and that an unbroken tradition, which can be verified almost from the time of the donation, asserts that the Church of Treves has always been in possession of this most precious treasure. There are, of course, many points of interest that we would fain discover, but cannot. Where it was that the Seamless Robe of Jesus had been preserved during the three centuries that had elapsed since our Lord's Crucifixion—how it came into the hands of St. Helena—whether she herself brought it back from the Holy Land—or whether it was given her by St. Sylvester, the then reigning Pope, to be presented by her to the Cathedral of her native city—of all of this we have not a vestige of satisfactory evidence. But we have the unbroken tradition of the Church at Treves declaring its undisputed authenticity.

In a matter like this it is quite obvious that we cannot expect mathematical certainty. All that can be reasonably looked for is such an amount of converging testimony as will give us a sort of moral certainty when taken in connection with the continuous tradition of the Church of Treves and with the strong probability founded on external evidence that the Holy Coat was treated as a relic of very special value as early as the fifth or sixth century, and was even at that time in danger of falling to pieces from its age. We are also under a special disadvantage as regards

any documentary proof on account of continual exposure of the city to the inroads of barbarians, to the attacks of marauders, and to the wild excesses of times of revolution. At the present day Treves lies apart from the highway of commerce, but it did not do so in Roman and mediæval times. At one period it was the chief city of the Roman Empire beyond the Alps. In the middle ages it was a very important town, and its sacred treasures repeatedly invited the visits of the hungry and unscrupulous freebooters and mercenaries who were the plague of central Europe. Goths and Vandals, Huns and Franks, and Norsemen, all took their turn in pillaging Treves. Its lawless visitors, so far from respecting the treasures of the Church, sought out mainly noted places of pilgrimage, on account of the rich spoil afforded them by the *ex votos* of grateful pilgrims who gave them in remembrance of some temporal or spiritual favour obtained at the shrine. From the fifth to the ninth century the barbarians swept continually over Germany; cities were depopulated, the inhabitants massacred, the churches and sanctuaries burnt or levelled to the ground. The writers of the eleventh and twelfth centuries lament over the absence. In the Life of St. Felix written towards the end of the eleventh century the author laments the complete destruction of the lives of Bishops and Saints of the city by reason of the repeated pillage of the city (*repetitam sæpius hujus urbis vastationem cogimur plorare, per quam constat ingentia sanctorum patrum nostrorum vitæ volumina penitus esse consumpta*). Similar lamentations are found in other authors of the period.

There is another circumstance which tends to obscure the continuity of tradition respecting the relics of early times, and which at the same time explains why we find no mention of any early pilgrimage to them. Before the ninth century it was considered as a sort of sacrilege to open the tombs of the saints or to expose their bones or bodies for veneration. The notion probably arose from an instinctive fear of profanation in those turbulent times. St. Gregory the Great writes to the Empress Constantina, that all over the West it was regarded as improper and even a sacrilege to touch the bodies of the saints or to move their relics after they were buried deep for the sake of preserving them from being disturbed, and when the very place of their burial was forgotten. This instinct of reverential fear was sure to be especially strong at a place like Treves, where the enemy appeared so frequently. Even when the state

of Catholic opinion was changed and the exposition of relics came to be regarded as a laudable stimulus to devotion, it was only natural that the importance of rescuing from the very shadow of danger a relic so priceless led those to whose hands it had been entrusted to watch over it with jealous care, and to keep it safely hidden from any possibility of profanation.

All this must be taken into account in tracing the history of the Holy Coat of our Lord. We look in vain for any original written document previous to the twelfth century, though, as we shall presently see, there exists a very important sculpture which bears witness to its early history. Whatever may have been written respecting it in earlier times perished with the rest at the hands of the marauders. When the tomb was opened in 1512, there were indeed found with the relic the remains of what was supposed to be some sort of authentication, but time had reduced the document almost to dust and rendered it impossible to decipher it.

Our first witness is the author of the *Gesta Trevirorum*, who wrote about 1200, and among other events which took place in the year 1196, has the following mention of the Seamless Robe: "To-day (May 1), the anniversary of the dedication of the Cathedral which coincides with the feast of the Holy Apostles Philip and James, the Archbishop John consecrated the high altar with great solemnity and devotion, and the same day, amidst reverence and homage of all good men, he laid on the altar of St. Peter the Tunic of our Lord."¹ This does not refer to the discovery of the relic, but to its transference from elsewhere to the altar of St. Peter. If it had been of the discovery that he was speaking he would have used very different language. The discovery of the body of the Martyr Celsus is commemorated at length in the *Gesta* as a matter of the greatest importance, and it is ridiculous to suppose that the discovery of a relic of indefinitely greater importance than any relics of the saints would be passed over in a couple of lines. We therefore conclude that both the relic and the place where it was deposited were familiar facts to the author of the

¹ *Gesta Trev.* Edit. Watterbach and Muller, p. 304. "In die etiam dedicationis majoris ecclesiae, que est in festo Philippi et Jacobi die, (summum altare) cum magna sollemnitate et devocione consecravit (Archiepiscopus Joannes), et tunicam Domini cum magna reverencia et veneracione bonorum virorum ipso die in altari beati Petri reposuit, anno videlicet ab incarnatione Domini 1196."

Gesta, and that he assumes that to his readers they are perfectly familiar also.

2. Our second proof is a document of the twelfth century, a few years earlier than the *Gesta Trevirorum*. It is, or purports to be, a letter from the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa to the Archbishop Hillin. It was always regarded as genuine until the year 1840, but in these days of modern criticism it has been supposed by some writers to be a forgery. For our purpose it matters little. There is no doubt that it belongs to the twelfth century, and therefore as an evidence to the antiquity of the Holy Coat, it is equally valuable whether it is a forgery or a genuine letter of the Emperor. The writer seeks to stir up the Bishop against the reigning Pope, and uses these words: "Since you are the Primate on this side of the Alps, and the very heart of the kingdom is that metropolis of yours, the famous Treves is glorious above all other cities by reason of your possession of the Seamless Coat of our Lord, we will by your advice and help deliver the supreme and mystical Seamless Robe of Christ, that is the Church, from the hands of that sinful and wicked Pope."¹

3. Our third witness is the alleged diploma of St. Sylvester, which confers at the request of St. Helena on the Church of Treves the primacy of all the churches of Gaul and Germany, and sends thither a number of precious relics, among them the Tunic of our Lord and one of the nails by which He was fastened to the Cross. This diploma is not, and was never believed to be in its present form, the exact version issued by St. Sylvester himself, but is generally regarded as a substantial reproduction of the original document, the work of the Bishop Volusian, who lived in the fifth century. There exist other shorter documents purporting to be the same diploma, all of which are to the same effect and make express mention of the Holy Coat. Anyhow it traces the Holy Robe back beyond the fifth century.

The version of the Bishop runs as follows: "As in heathen times by thy own power, so now receive, O Primate of Treves, spiritual primacy (*prioratum*) over all Gauls and Germans, which by sending his staff Peter, the head of the Church,

¹ "Quia vos primas estis cis Alpes, et cor regni est metropolis illa vestra, inquam Treviris inclita, inconsutili quæ præpollet tunica Domini, vestro consilio summam et mysteriale inconsutilem tunicam Domini, i.e. ecclesiam, de manu illius Amorrhæi, videlicet apostolici, eruemus."

signified to be thine in the case of the first teachers of the Christian religion, Eucharius, Valerius, and Maternus, and some way diminished his own, by making thee a partner of it. This primacy, I, Sylvester, his servant and unworthy successor, confirm and renew in honour of the country of the Lady Helena Augusta, a native of this same town, which she generously enriched with the body of the Apostle Matthias, which was transferred from Judea, and the other relics, that is, the Robe of Christ (*tunica Domini*) and the nail which fastened Him to the Cross, and the head of Pope Cornelius, and the tooth of St. Peter, and the sandals of St. Andrew the Apostle, and many other gifts to its great spiritual advantage and advancement."¹

The general acceptance of the tradition that Volusian reproduced the substance of the lost original, is far more probable than that he should deliberately have forged the document and that the forgery should at once have been accepted as genuine. The number of parallel versions are a strong testimony that the Bishop's version fairly represents the original. But in any case it represents a very early tradition, and is thus a strong evidence in favour of the Holy Coat.

4. We have still one more document to quote. It is the Life of Agritius, which a German antiquary describes as one of the most precious monuments of the history of Treves.² It is a work of the eleventh century, and therefore is of no great authority for the details of the life of St. Agritius, but as bearing witness to the traditions of the Church of Treves it is of the highest value. The writer describes Agritius as commissioned by Pope Sylvester and St. Helena to carry to Treves various precious relics: the body of St. Matthias, the knife used by our Lord at the Last Supper, one of the holy nails with which He was fastened to the Cross, and other similar relics, and then goes on to tell the following story:

"How enormously great is the reverence due to these relics, is

¹ "Sicut in gentilitate propria virtute, sortire et nunc, Trevir primas, super Gallos spiritualem et Germanos prioratum quem tibi prae omnibus harum gentium episcopis in primitivis christiana religione doctoribus scilicet Euchario, Valerio, et Materno, per baculum, Caput Ecclesie Petrus, signavit habendum, suamque quodammodo minuens dignitatem ut te participem faceret. Quem ego Sylvester, servus ejus, successioneque indigetus, per patriarcham Agricium renovans confirmo; ad honorem dominæ Helene Augustæ ejusdem metropolis indigenæ quam ipsa felix per apostolum Matthiam, Judæa translatum, ceterisque reliquis Domini magnifice ditavit specialiterque provexit."

² Professor Waitz, *Monumenta Germanica*, viii. 211.

in my judgment clearly shown if we recall to our memory a single proof that they gave of their sanctity. For we are informed by a reliable story handed down by these who have gone before us, that a certain holy Bishop of this city, hearing the various opinions that were abroad respecting these relics, some saying that among them was the Seamless Robe of our Lord, others the purple garment that He wore at the time of His Passion, others the sandals of the Saviour of the world, desired to put an end to these doubts by a careful inquiry into the truth. He therefore took counsel of the clergy, the monastic orders, and the people generally, and ordered a fast of three days throughout the whole city, enjoining on all to beg of God with one voice that by His gracious permission He would permit one among them to gaze on this great mystery. The fast was duly performed, and the clergy and laity of the city called together to the Church of St. Peter, where this treasure was kept. Then a man was chosen from the crowd, a monk of remarkable piety and devotion, that he might see the hidden treasure of the Lord and might make it known to the Bishop. He unlocked the chest in which St. Agritius had deposited the treasure, but when he raised the lid to look therein, the secret judgment of God against which no counsel can prevail, took from him the sight of his eyes. The result was that all the men of more prudent counsel and keener judgment concluded from the blindness that fell upon the man, that no sinner should be allowed to behold that which even a just man was not allowed to look upon. After this, therefore, no one attempted to open the chest."

This is a curious story, and we cannot doubt the veracity of the annalist in his assertion that this was the current tradition of his time, whatever we may think of the accuracy of the facts as handed down to him. The author of the Life writes for educated men, and his book is one that had a great reputation, if we may judge from the number of copies made of it. Whether the monk lost his sight merely for the moment, or remained permanently blind, does not appear from the narrative. It is quite possible that his inability to see may have been limited to the moment when he peeped into the chest containing the relic. Yet even if the blindness was a lasting one, the history of the Bethsamites in the First Book of Kings (vi. 13—20) is an instance of a still heavier affliction falling not on an individual, but on a whole population, for what seems

to have been an irreverence quite unintentional on their part, even if it was any irreverence at all. So the death of Oza, who put out his hand to save the Ark from being jostled and shaken by the oxen who were drawing it, seems to teach that God sometimes sends temporal sufferings not by way of punishment, but simply to teach men the intensity of the reverence to be paid to all things sacred. St. Gregory has a similar story of what happened when some improvements were being made near the place where the body of St. Laurence was buried. The monks and their assistants came on the tomb of the Saint without knowing whose it was; they did not venture to touch the body, and were guilty of no sort of disrespect, yet they all died within ten days, on account of their having looked upon the body of the Saint.

When was it that the story that the author of the Life of Agritius narrates as having been handed down by those who went before him, is supposed to have taken place? It seems that he wrote in the first half of the eleventh century, and as he narrates in detail events that took place in the tenth century, just as if he himself had been present, we have reason to infer that what is before us relates to some centuries before his own time. The phrase, *Majorum relatione didicimus*, refers to what took place at a far earlier period. This is confirmed by another passage in his work in which he uses a similar expression for what happened in the third century. He describes a well that was filled with the relics of martyrs who were put to death in the persecution under Maximian, and he uses a phrase exactly similar to that which he employs of the opening of the chest of relics that was in the treasury of the Cathedral. This has come to our knowledge, he says, through a tradition handed down by all those who went before us (*omnium majorum*).

There is another reason for supposing the opening of the shrine to have taken place at a very early date. We have already stated that before the ninth century it was considered a sort of sacrilege to disturb the relics of the saints, and that this idea had been most valuable in ensuring their preservation at a time when the struggle between heathen and Christian usages was still going on, and when the sacred treasures of the Church might have been exposed to danger of profanation, if they had not been guarded by this feeling of awe which was their surest protection. When it was spread abroad that some

physical calamity, blindness or death, was the result merely of a sight of one of these relics, even though no want of respect was present to the mind of him who looked upon them, the curious would be careful to restrain a curiosity which brought with it such serious consequences. The story told by Agritius would therefore be a suitable one for the sixth or seventh century, but would be quite out of place in the tenth, when the close guarding of the relics was no longer necessary for their preservation. We have, therefore, every reason for supposing that it dates back several centuries, and is a most valuable link in the evidence for the authenticity of the Holy Coat of Treves.

We now come to a piece of evidence not documentary, nor derived from the relic or its immediate surroundings, but yet of the greatest importance as a statement in the historical witness that exists in favour of the Holy Coat.

Among the treasures of the Church of Treves is a beautifully carved ivory tablet, about a foot and a half long and eight inches wide, in an excellent state of preservation. It represents a solemn procession, the object of which can scarcely be anything else than a translation of some very precious relics. On the right is a church with nave, aisle, and transept, the whole of the background is occupied by a secular building, in which it is impossible not to recognize the Porta Nigra of Treves. On the left is a building which seems intended to represent another church, from which the procession is advancing. At the summit of this church, if church it be, is a semicircular arch, in which our Lord is represented as looking down on the procession beneath.

The procession is making its way to the door of the church, which is situated on the right of the tablet. The most prominent object in it is a Roman chariot, in which are seated two figures dressed as Bishops in full pontificals, the pallium included. On their knees they are carrying a chest, the form of which leaves no doubt that it is intended for a reliquary. On the panel which forms the side of the chariot are carved three figures, which we may conjecture, for we cannot be certain, to represent St. Eucharius, St. Valerius, and St. Maternus, the three Apostles of the Church of Germany. In front of the car are walking five men splendidly dressed, at their head is a personage whose diadem and richly ornamented cloak proclaim him of royal rank. Four of these men are carrying

wax tapers; the foremost has in his hand what looks like a roll of paper.

Before the church, to which the procession is wending its way, there stands another royal personage, with a crown upon her head, and dressed in a cloak adorned with pearls; on her left shoulder rests a cross, with her right hand outstretched she is making a gesture of welcome to the approaching procession. The only other figures to be noticed are those which are peeping out from the windows of the Porta Nigra. Those in the upper storey have censers in their hands, with which they are incensing the relics carried in the chariot by the Bishops.

This tablet represents, by the almost universal consent of antiquarians, the solemn translation of the relics now in the Cathedral of Treves from their former resting-place to that city. Every detail of the carving confirms this supposition. The figure of our Lord looking down, with the glory around His head, points to the relics contained in the chest being relics connected with His Sacred Humanity. The presence of the two Bishops in their episcopal robes proves the ceremony to have been one of the greatest solemnity, and the relics that they carry of the greatest value. The Porta Nigra fixes Treves as the scene of the ceremony. The crowned Empress cannot be any other than St. Helena, for the cross is her recognized emblem. One of the two Bishops is without doubt St. Agritius, the other is possibly St. Sylvester, who sent the relics to Treves, or at least sanctioned the donation of them made by the Empress. The roll in the hand of the princely personage who leads the procession is perhaps the traditional diploma of St. Sylvester. In fine, there is scarcely a carving of antiquity which bears stronger internal evidence of the scene it is intended to represent.

But whence comes this tablet and what is its antiquity? The Archaeological Congress of Frankfort, which met at Treves in 1846, pronounced it to belong to the third century; and though there is a variety of opinion on the subject, and some antiquarians place it two or three centuries later, yet none of them dispute its extreme antiquity. But there is still another piece of external evidence which connects it with Treves. In the side of the tablet there is a groove cut which proves it to have formed the centre of a box, to have been let into a piece of wood which formed a case for it, and to have in all pro-

bability been the centre panel of some box or reliquary. Now it is specially mentioned by the Coadjutor Bishop of Treves, that when the high altar was opened in 1512, the Holy Coat was found in a reliquary made of wood and beautiful ivory. There is no trace of this reliquary, but is not the probability of this piece of ivory being the piece mentioned by Enen a probability so great as to amount almost to a certainty? Even if the two pieces of ivory are not identical, the carving is none the less a very strong confirmation of the tradition of the Church of Treves respecting the donation of the Holy Coat and the relics that accompany it by St. Helena to the Imperial city where she dwelt.

But after all, the best proof of the authenticity of the Holy Coat is found in the unbroken tradition of the Church of Treves, which no reasonable man has any right to reject, unless he has some positive ground for denying or doubting its foundation on fact. What could be more improbable than that there should have grown up around some ordinary garment the reputation of having belonged to the Son of God? Would Bishop after Bishop have lent himself to what he knew or suspected was an imposture? Would the faithful have allowed a supposititious relic to be palmed off upon them with blind credulity? Those who imagine that Catholics are so easily deceived, give us reason to suspect that they read into the minds of those of whom they know nothing, the characteristics of their own, and that their suspicions respecting the honesty of the Catholic clergy and of the Prelates of the Church are based on tendencies in themselves which they see reflected in others. It is generally a sign of weakness in a historical argument if one of the combatants begin to pronounce the documents adduced by his opponent to be forgeries; it is a mark of extreme feebleness in an advocate if he attempt to impugn the credibility of witnesses of high position and high character. If any one shows me a family heirloom, which is undeniably of Eastern origin and many centuries old, and asserts that it belonged to one of his ancestors, who brought it home with him from the Crusades, I am bound to give credit to his statement (if he is a man of sober and unimaginative character, and careful not to invent or exaggerate), unless I have some good reason to suspect either his own veracity or the sources of his information. If he gives me the history of his treasure with circumstantial details, this is an additional

reason for believing him. If he produce various documents which are known to belong to different periods, and some of which come down from a remote antiquity, all of which confirm the authentic character of his heirloom, he has a still further claim on my acceptance of his account of it. If, moreover, he produces a work of art, picture, or carving which represents the solemn introduction into his paternal mansion of the gift, and if this work of art is declared by experts to belong to the same age as the scene it portrays, my faith in my informant begins to exclude all possibility of doubt. Last of all, if my friend is a man in high position, who would be discredited if he were to be discovered to have lent his name and authority to an imposture, would not a prudent man be fully justified in giving in his full adherence to the account given of the origin and history of the heirloom in question?

The arguments we have given hitherto are such as will appeal to the common sense of all. There is one more proof of the authenticity of the Holy Coat of Treves, which perhaps we can scarcely expect to carry weight with any save those who belong to the Catholic Church. Yet we all know that it is impossible that God should ever lend Himself to a lie, or should assert His Divine power in confirmation of an imposture. Let us suppose that on the occasion mentioned in Acts xix. 12, when many sick persons were cured by the touch of handkerchiefs and aprons brought from the body of St. Paul, some playful or dishonest person had brought in an article which had never been near the body of the Apostle at all, and with it had touched some one who was sick, no reasonable person would expect any miraculous cure to be worked. If there were any change for the better, it would be limited to one explicable as simply the effect of a strong imagination, or of the influence on the nervous system of a persuasion of the wonder-working qualities of the article in question. But in the case of a cure which could not possibly be explained on any supposition except that of a Divine interference setting aside ordinary laws, we should naturally regard the article which was the occasion and instrument of the miracle as really having acquired its miraculous power from contact with the body of the Apostle. In the same way, if we find miracles of the first class, which cannot possibly be explained except as the effects of Divine interference, have been worked on those who, when

they came to touch or to behold the Sacred Robe of Christ, hoped for a cure simply on the ground that it was the Robe that our Saviour wore on earth, then the performance of any such miracle by Almighty God at the moment of their touching or beholding it, makes God Himself in some way a witness to its authenticity. To work such a miracle on such an occasion, and when the confidence of the sick person rested on the fact of its being really the garment of our Lord, if the Holy Coat had never been worn by our Lord at all, but had simply been palmed off on the faithful by some unscrupulous impostor, would be to lend the Divine authority to the confirmation of a fraud, and this would be at variance with God's attribute of truth. He cannot either deceive nor be deceived. If He stamps any relic with the seal of His authority by working undoubted miracles through its means, and if those miracles are regarded by all as worked through its instrumentality, then any further hesitation as to its being what it professes to be is necessarily excluded.

Now miracles quite inexplicable on any hypothesis save that of Divine interposition have been worked through the instrumentality of the Holy Coat of Treves, not in the remote obscurity of mediæval times, but under the clear light of this nineteenth century. Many such guaranteed by reliable evidence occurred during the last exposition of the Holy Coat in 1844; in this year of our Lord 1891, there have been cures not a few, undeniably miraculous. We will select one or two from a long list of those that happened in 1844, and we hope to narrate hereafter one or two of the most remarkable of those that have taken place during the last two months.

The cure that made the most stir in 1844 was that of the young Countess von Droste-Vischering. In 1842 she had been attacked by a scrofulous swelling in her right knee, which gradually distorted the limb, until the lower part was almost at a right angle with the thigh. Needless to say, she could only walk by the aid of crutches, and had to be constantly accompanied by a servant wherever she went. She had tried the waters of Kreuznach without obtaining the slightest relief. When the exposition of the Sacred Robe was announced a secret inspiration prompted her to make experience of its power to heal. If, she said to herself, the poor woman with the issue of blood was healed in a moment by merely touching the hem of it, why should not I receive a like grace? So she came to

Treves and obtained permission to touch it, and instantly she felt herself able to put her foot to the ground. Giving her crutches to her servant, who followed her sobbing with emotion, she walked home unaided. It did not please God to take away at once and entirely the pain that she had suffered, and she continued to walk with a slight limp. But she so completely recovered the use of the limb that before long she was able to become a Sister of Charity, and she who had been a helpless and apparently hopeless invalid was able to show her gratitude to God by a lifelong ministry to the wants of others.

Our second instance is of a different character. A little girl from Limburg, named Caroline Koch, had the pupil of one of her eyes quite destroyed by having fallen over a scythe, the sharp edge having literally cut the pupil in two. The eye swelled up and remained quite stationary, instead of moving to and fro with the other, and the poor child was rendered so hideous by it that people could not bear to look at her. She came with the pilgrimage from Limburg on the 29th September, and obtained permission from the Bishop to touch the Holy Coat. In one instant she recovered her sight; the iris partly reappeared, and in the course of a few months assumed its natural shape. The eye was no longer swollen or distorted, and an artificial pupil formed to replace the original one that had been destroyed. On her return to Limburg the Bishop ordered a solemn procession in thanksgiving for the miracle the reality of which all who had known her previously could bear their unhesitating testimony.

One other miracle must be added on account of the utter impossibility of the cure having been worked by any human agency. Anna Wagner, a woman thirty-seven years old, for four years had suffered from a gangrene of the lower jaw-bone, accompanied by a continual discharge. She came to Treves August 22nd, and brought with her into the Cathedral a small picture of the Holy Coat, which had been touched by it. As she knelt devoutly in front of the relic, she prayed that she might be cured if it was the holy will of God, and then laid the picture on her face. At once she felt that there was a change, and presently discovered that the wound was healed. The next day the swelling had entirely disappeared, and the suppuration which was destroying the bone had ceased, and she returned home perfectly cured.

These are but three examples out of many, but they suffice to prove that the Robe that sent away the poor woman in the Gospel with her issue of blood healed still continues to work similar wonders now that He who wore it is at the right hand of God. We hope to be able to give hereafter some details of similar wonders that have been worked during the present exposition. The only reason why we do not do so now is that the prudence of the Bishop of Treves has thought it well not to publish the miracles that God has wrought until they have been thoroughly tested by the lapse of time and by scientific investigation.

R. F. C.

Catholic England in Modern Times.

PART II.

THE retrospect in which we are engaged into the times out of which we have emerged has brought us to the miserable eighteenth century, and one of the saddest parts of its sad story is to watch the disappearance of one Catholic family after another. In 1669 Canon Agretti reported to the Pope, "The Church has lost one family of consideration, and is about to lose another; for the Marquess of Worcester is dead, and his son, the new marquess, is a Protestant; and the Marquess of Winchester, whose son is a Protestant, is very old. It is believed that the Marquess of Worcester professed heresy for his own ends, and would not die except in the Catholic faith, as he had told several of his friends. Many act in this way to avoid injuring their temporal prospects."

"Their temporal prospects" were black enough. In Charles II.'s time one Act of Parliament disabled all Catholics from being "officers civil or military, from receiving salary or wages by any grant from the Crown, from having a command or place of trust in this kingdom, or in the navy, or the king's household." By the same Act, "all persons not bred up from their infancy in the Popish religion, and professing themselves Popish recusants, were disabled to bear any office in Church and State; their children educated in the Popish religion likewise disabled till reconciled to the Church of England, and qualified by taking the oaths of allegiance and supremacy and receiving the sacrament."

Another Act in the same reign was directed specially against members of the two Houses of Parliament. "Every peer of England and Ireland being twenty-one years of age, and every member of the House of Commons, who shall not take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy and the declaration against Transubstantiation and the Invocation of the Virgin Mary, was adjudged a Popish recusant convict, and was disabled to sit in

Parliament or vote by proxy in the House of Peers; to sue in any court; to be guardian, executor, or administrator; to take any legacy or deed of gift; and to forfeit £500 for every offence to him that will sue for the same."

It is not to be wondered at that such legislation led many men to act against their conscience. Fathers, heads of families, conformed, took these iniquitous oaths and declarations, and preserved their properties at the cost of their religion. They became what were called by their fellow-Catholics "schismatics," and men of all ranks so behaved. In Elizabeth's time the wife could continue to be a Catholic, without bringing pains and penalties on her conforming husband, but James I. struck at her also, disabling every one whose wife was a Popish recusant convict from holding any public office in the commonwealth, and adjudging every married woman, three months after conviction for recusancy, to be committed to prison without bail, until she conform, unless her husband will pay to the King £10 a month, or yield him a third part of his lands. There was no escape left open. A man's servants, even his children of nine years old, must repair to church once a month to save him from penalties, and that although he might himself have conformed. The persistent pressure of one Act after another, from the 35th of Elizabeth which forbade the Papist to go five miles from his home without a license from two Justices, down to William and Mary's prohibition to keep a horse above £5 in value—all the penal statutes, in fact, where each seemed to do all that law could do, and where another and yet another Act of Parliament found matter by which the persecution might be made more galling—in these are the excuses, if any excuses are possible, for numerous apostacies. Exterior conformity to escape penalties made England Protestant. All glory to the noble constancy of those who bore the pressure in spite of the example of their neighbours who yielded.

We must spend a few minutes in the unwelcome task of examining losses. Henry Somerset, the third Marquess of Worcester, of whose conformity Agretti has told us, came to the title in 1667, and after filling offices of the highest distinction, was in 1682 created Duke of Beaufort. His family motto was *Mutare vel timere sperno*, a motto that suited his father rather than himself.

John Paulet, the old Marquess of Winchester, mentioned by Agretti, was the patron and friend of the Jesuit Martyr, the

Ven. Peter Wright, who lived in his house as his chaplain. He died in 1675, and his conforming son, the sixth marquess, was created in 1689 Duke of Bolton.

It was therefore in the latter part of the seventeenth century that Catholics lost such support and help as could be given by these two marquesses. The promotion of each to higher honours might be held out to Catholic peers as a bait to show them to what they might aspire if they would sacrifice their religion.

Since the end of the seventeenth century the English Catholics have lost by extinction the titles of Marquess of Powis, Earls Rivers, Castlehaven, St. Albans, and Traquair, Viscount Fauconberg, Viscount Montague, Lord Aston of Tixall, Lord Langdale of Holme, and Lord Eure of Wilton. The Barony of Morley and Montcagle is in abeyance. Viscount Molyneux of Maryborough, Lords Abergavenny, Waldegrave, Windsor of Bradenham, and Brudenal of Stanton were Catholics; not so the Earls of Sefton, Abergavenny, Waldegrave, Plymouth, and Cardigan who represent them now. The Ropers Lords Teynham are no longer Catholics. The Earldoms of Rutland and of Salisbury have had Catholic holders, and the united Earldoms of Shrewsbury, Waterford, and Wexford, have passed to a Protestant branch of the Talbots. Other titles have been lost by attainder. Lord Widdrington of Blankney was attainted after the '15. The Earl of Derwentwater was not attainted only, but executed, and the large Derwentwater estates were given to Greenwich Hospital. The Earldom of Newburgh has passed to the Giustiniani. All these losses do not belong to the eighteenth century, but most of them do.

As for Lord Derwentwater, we learn from Father George Pippard, S.J., who attended him in the Tower, that on the Monday before he died, his life was offered him if he would change his religion. "He told it to me," says the martyr's confessor, "with the greatest transport of joy, and that having refused his life on such terms, he hoped it was not now making a virtue of necessity—that had he a thousand lives, he would sooner part with them than renounce his faith,—and with tears of joy in his eyes, he humbly thanked God for giving him this opportunity of testifying his love for Him." When the anniversary of Lord Derwentwater's death came round, Bishop Giffard wrote to the Countess that she was to "lift up her thoughts to Heaven and behold there the person she loved most

on earth at the height of all glory and happiness." His death, he said, was "a grace not only wonderful for its operations in him, but also for the great and sensible effects it had on many others. How many converts did it bring into the Church? How many tepid and cold Christians did it awaken and animate with resolutions of a new life? How many, moved by his example, have turned their hearts wholly to God? These blessed effects both I," said the Bishop, "and many others have been witnesses of; but what is most comfortable to your ladyship is that your dear lord is raised to so great a degree of happiness and glory, that all the affections and wishes of a most loving wife can desire nothing beyond what he is now possessed of." It would be well if all our losses had been as honourable to us as this.

With Lord Derwentwater suffered William Viscount Kenmure, a Scottish peer. Another Scottish title that disappeared at this time by attainder was that of the Earl of Nithsdale. William, the fifth earl, has been made famous by the heroic conduct of his wife, Winefred, daughter of the Marquess of Powis. He had really been reprieved with the Earl of Cornwath and Lords Widdrington and Nairn, but it was not known, and on the night before the day fixed for his execution, he escaped from the Tower through the brave contrivance of Lady Nithsdale. The whole story was told by her afterwards, in a letter to her sister, Lady Lucy Herbert, the Superioress of the English Augustinian Nuns at Bruges; and the late Lord Herries, his lineal descendant, caused it to be accurately printed in the noble family record called *The Book of Carlaverock*. Lady Nithsdale's letter had often been printed before, but in a modernized form. No mere extracts would do it justice, and it is too long for insertion in this place.

In the list of noble families that have ceased to be Catholic, even in our own times, mention has been made of the Earldom of Shrewsbury. In Earl John's time there were at once nine Catholics alive who were in the entail, and yet Bertram, the last Catholic Earl, was the only one who lived to succeed him. The havoc done amongst Catholics of the middle and working classes by the change that befel the great families on which they depended, was of course immense. They were dispersed or gradually fell away from the faith in consequence of the closing of domestic chapels and therefore of the missions attached to them. Within very recent times there were many

estates in various parts of the country where the tenants of the farms were almost all Catholics. There are very few such places now.

What has been said of the injury done to the poorer class of Catholics by the loss of their old Catholic landlords is of course not confined to noble families only. The extinction of wealthy Catholic landowners' families, or their ceasing to be Catholic, has happened far too often for enumeration. The Gascoignes are gone, and the Inglebys, the Sheldons, the Fortescues, and now the Turvilles, the Giffords, the Fermors, the Cliftons, the Fairfaxses, the Heneages, the Swinburnes, the Curzons, the Ropers—to content oneself with names that rise up almost spontaneously. And some that happily we still retain have been saved to us almost by miracle. Thus the title of Lord Beaumont for a short time ceased to be Catholic; and so, more than once in its history, has one that now could ill be spared, that of the Duke of Norfolk. The losses of one kind and another, in the sad years as they went by, are too sad to think about. It will be better for us to return to the records of persecution.

We have seen how Bishop Giffard had been various times in prison, including two years in Newgate, and how in six months he had to change his lodging fourteen times. "The continual fears and alarms we are under," he said, "is something worse than Newgate." The following example of arrests will serve to illustrate the early part of the eighteenth century. The amount of the bail required is remarkable.

In the Diary of Narcissus Luttrell, under the date Sept. 26, 1706, we learn that "information being given of several priests lurking about this city [London], the messengers at the close of last week seized near Red Lion Square three of them, viz., Giffard, Martin, and Matthews. The last is committed to Newgate, but the others were admitted to bail, each in £1,000, and two sureties in £500 a piece."

A little later on in the century, the Internuncio at Brussels wrote to Propaganda, that, in 1733, Bishop Williams, O.P., Vicar Apostolic of the Northern District, was "actually obliged to fly to remote places, to escape prison and torture, as the pseudo-Archbishop of York [Lancelot Blackburn] had issued a warrant for his capture, on account of his having made a conversion, which caused a great noise, of a Protestant minister, who, instructed by Bishop Williams, nobly resigned his rich prebend and publicly declared himself a Catholic."

A little later still, Bishop York, Coadjutor in the Western District, wrote in 1747 to Propaganda, "We are compelled to fly from house to house, and from city to city." Bishop Pritchard, O.S.F., the Vicar Apostolic, was sick. "I, his unworthy coadjutor," says Bishop York, "have been for eighteen months and more a fugitive from my ordinary residence, and as yet have no fixed abode."

About the same time we meet with the following account of a search in the house of a noble Catholic lady in the south of England. The date is December, 1745. "Last Sunday, several gentlemen of the Commission of the Peace for the county of Surrey, surrounded the house of Lady Petre at Lower Cheam a little before daybreak, and having got admittance partly by force, proceeded to search the same, but found only two pair of pistols, and a man concealed between the ceiling of the garret and the rafters, who had only a shirt, nightgown, and nightcap on. Upon examination he appeared to have been born at Tickhill in Yorkshire, and brought up a Popish priest near Antwerp. He prevaricated much; said his name was Joseph Morgan, whereas it appears to be Morgan Hansbie, and that he had officiated as priest in the family where he was taken for many years. They brought him about noon to Croydon. The occasion of this search, which was contrived and executed with the utmost secrecy, was owing to the great uneasiness of the inhabitants of all the adjacent villages, who firmly believed that great numbers of men, horse, and arms were concealed there in subterraneous passages."

Father Morgan Hansbie, O.P., was by birth a gentleman, as so many of the priests were in the persecuting times. He and his brother and sister were all registered in 1715, as having an income from land. The hiding-place in the garret was a poor one, into which the poor priest hurried when suddenly awakened by the noise of the magistrates' forcible entry. Most Catholic houses had formerly at least been provided with safer hiding-places. If Father Hansbie prevaricated about his name, it is not to be wondered at, for there was hardly a priest in England who was not passing under an *alias*. Bishop Challoner was sometimes called Willard; Gilbert Talbot, a Jesuit Father, who was really the thirteenth Earl of Shrewsbury, had for his *alias* the name of Grey.

Ten years before the arrest of Father Hansbie, we have the following account in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for February,

1735 : "Sunday 23. About eleven o'clock, the Peace Officers going their rounds to the public-houses, to prevent disorderly smoking and tippling in time of Divine Service, discovered a private Mass-house at a little ale-house at the back of Shoreditch, where nearly a hundred people had got together in a garret, most of them miserably poor and ragged, and upon examination appeared to be Irish. Some few were well dressed, and several Mass-books were found with them. The priest made his escape out of a back door, leaving the rest to shift for themselves, whereupon some got out of a trap-door, and others, after giving an account of their names and places of abode, were let quietly depart. Notwithstanding, a great many met in the evening at the same place, declaring that Mass should be said there."

The tradition in the house of the Vicars Apostolic in London was that Bishop Challoner used to meet a number of Catholics on Sunday evening at a public-house called "The Ship," near the Turnstile leading into Lincoln's Inn Fields, and sitting there with a pot of beer on a little table before him, as a pretext for being there, he would preach to the Catholics present. The little table, marked with circles by the pewter pots, is preserved to our time. It is said that the floor was partly moveable, so that people in two stories could hear the preacher at the same time.

Having introduced the name of Dr. Challoner, we may take from his Life¹ the narrative of the last prosecutions brought against Catholic priests on account of their exercise of spiritual functions. In 1765 an informer named William Payne had succeeded in obtaining admission for several Sundays to chapels where Mass was said. "By commanding the elegance of the sermons of the preachers, and the decency and devotion with which others assisted at the altar, he had from some unthinking Catholics fished out the names of most of the clergy : he had dogged them from the chapels to their own houses : he had, in like manner, discovered the names and habitations of several persons of the respective congregations ; he had also, some time before, applied to Dr. Challoner himself for instruction in the principles of the Catholic Faith, hypocritically pretending that he was desirous of being admitted into the communion of the

¹ *The Life of the Venerable and Right Reverend Richard Challoner.* By Mr. James Barnard. London, 1784, pp. 156—195. The Very Reverend James Barnard was Bishop Challoner's Vicar General. His book is very disappointing.

Catholic Church ; and when his diabolical scheme was ripe for execution, he engaged some others to join him in his attempt." This was, of course, that he might have witnesses to produce in court.

Payne's first application was to Lord Mayor Stephenson¹ for warrants, and being refused, he next applied to the Bishop of London, begging him to urge the Lord Mayor to grant them. Fortunately, Lord Mayor Stephenson could speak from personal knowledge of several Catholics, as well as of some priests, so he wrote such reasons to the Bishop for not disturbing them, that he was pacified. He then wrote to the Catholics accused, saying that though he saw no reason for putting the penal laws in execution, yet while they were unrepealed any common informer could set them in motion. He advised them therefore to compromise the matter with the officer to whom Payne had had recourse. Ten guineas were accordingly paid to the constable, as well as Payne's bill of costs.

As might be expected, this only made the informer more eager, and led him to present two bills of indictment to the grand jury at the Old Bailey ; and, though with difficulty, he obtained warrants from the court for the arrest of the two persons indicted. This was soon followed by the arrest of several of the clergy, who were dragged from the altars, and kept in custody till they were bailed, the informer interposing every difficulty to their finding bail. This lasted from 1765 to 1778, for the first seven years of which time Dr. Challoner rarely passed a week without hearing of some step or other taken by Payne.

It is hard to see how this persistent persecution was worth the informer's while. He obtained a single conviction, and only on that occasion succeeded in making the £100 reward his own. One cannot but believe that he levied blackmail on the Catholics, who probably bought him off, in the way in which they were obliged in Elizabeth's time to bribe pursuivants.

The one case in which Payne succeeded was that of John Baptist Molony, a Franciscan Father, "who was taken up for exercising his functions in Kent Street, contrary to law, was convicted on the 23rd of August, 1767, and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment." This good priest was imprisoned in the New Gaol, Southwark, his only crime being the administration of the sacraments to a sick man. He was afterwards removed

¹ Sir William Stephenson was Lord Mayor of London in 1765.

to the King's Bench, and after four years' imprisonment, he was banished from England for life.

Some time after this, the Bishop himself, four priests, and a schoolmaster were indicted, and released on bail. For some reason or other, they were not put on their trial, but four other priests were tried and acquitted. One of these was the Rev. James Webb, whose trial before Lord Chief Justice Mansfield at Westminster on the 25th of June, 1768, practically repealed the Act of Parliament and put an end to these prosecutions.

The counsel for the priest objected that, as the Act of William III. says, "Whosoever shall apprehend a Popish Bishop, priest, or Jesuit, and convict him of saying Mass," it was necessary first to prove that the person indicted was a priest, and secondly to prove that he had said Mass. The counsel for the informer very naturally replied that this could not be the intent of the Legislature, as if such were the meaning of the statute, it would be impossible to prove any man a priest. The Chief Justice ruled, in favour of the priest, that proof of both was necessary, and said that after Molony's conviction in Surrey, the twelve Judges had consulted on the point and agreed in their opinion that the accused person must first be proved to be a priest; and their unanimous interpretation of the law was, that evidence against any one for having said Mass would not convict him of being a priest.

Payne had sworn that he had heard Webb say Mass; and his proof was that he saw him dressed up in vestments with a cross upon his back; that he, the informer, had looked over a coalheaver's shoulder, who had a prayer-book with the Mass in Latin and English; that he had often been at the Ambassadors' chapels and seen priests say Mass there; and that James Webb did the same as they did. In reply, besides other objections to this evidence, the priest's counsel told this story, which the Judge accepted as conclusive. "In the reign of Queen Elizabeth there was a noted lawyer whose name was Plowden, and being a Roman Catholic he had many enemies in the country where he lived, and you must know there was a Payne amongst them. What did they do, but contrive to have Mass said, so that Mr. Plowden might be present. There was a priest, altar, vestments, candles, and everything necessary. Mr. Plowden very innocently went to hear Mass. It was scarce over but he was arrested with a warrant for hearing Mass, and was actually tried for it. The evidence appeared against him

and swore positively that they saw Mr. Plowden hear Mass. At last the priest himself appeared against him, and swore that Mr. Plowden heard Mass, for that he himself had said Mass, and that he saw Mr. Plowden there. ‘Pray,’ says Mr. Plowden, ‘let me ask you a question. Are you a priest?’ ‘No,’ replied the other. ‘Oh, then,’ said Mr. Plowden, ‘the case is altered: no priest, no Mass.’”

The other side might well plead, “We shall be obliged to go abroad into their Colleges and Seminaries, and even to the very place where they were ordained, and to the Bishop that ordained them, and perhaps to Rome, and even to the Pope himself, before we can prove them to be priests.” The Chief Justice summed up strongly in favour of the prisoner, the jury acquitted him, and though as late as February 27, 1771, Bishop Talbot was put on his trial for exercising the function of a Popish Bishop, neither priest nor Bishop has ever since been found guilty under the penal Acts. In revenge for the part thus taken by him in practically changing the law, Lord Chief Justice Mansfield’s house was one of those destroyed by the rioters under Lord George Gordon.

Before saying anything of these historic riots and of the relaxation of the penal laws that provoked them, it may be well to give a few minutes’ attention to Bishop Challoner himself personally, and to his friend Alban Butler. They were our greatest men in the wretched eighteenth century, and they have done more than any of their contemporaries in preserving the faith amongst men of their own generation, and in promoting conversions to the Church. Challoner’s books were exactly suited to his time and are not unsuited to ours, and Alban Butler’s *Lives of the Saints* has not yet been, and are not likely to be, superseded.

Richard Challoner was sent to the English College at Douay in 1704, and left it in 1730. He was ordained priest in 1716; in 1712 he began to teach, and in the latter part of his time at College he was at once Vice-President, Prefect of Studies, Professor of Dogmatic Theology, and Confessor. In 1727 he took the degree of Doctor in Divinity. All this time devoted to study and to teaching fitted him for the literary work that awaited him in England. The list of his books would fill a page. They are remarkable in the first place for their painstaking accuracy, and next for a gentle unassuming persuasiveness, that was due as much to the writer’s piety as to his

learning. His books were the saving of Catholics who needed support and instruction, and they were well adapted to break down the absurd prejudices of Protestants as to the doctrines that the Church really teaches.

The Bishop who succeeded Dr. Buonaventura Giffard as Vicar Apostolic of the London District was Dr. Benjamin Petre, of Fidlers in Essex. In 1738 Douay College on the one side and Bishop Petre on the other engaged in a friendly rivalry, to obtain Dr. Challoner from the Holy See, the one as its President, the other as his coadjutor and successor. In the end Bishop Petre prevailed, and consecrated Dr. Challoner on the 29th of January, 1741. Bishop Petre survived till the end of 1758, and almost immediately after his death Bishop Challoner, falling sick, petitioned for and obtained as his coadjutor, with right of succession, the Hon. James Talbot, who was consecrated on the 24th of August, 1749. Dr. Challoner did not long survive the Lord George Gordon riots. He was buried at Milton in Berkshire, and the entry in the Parish Register runs thus: "Anno Domini 1781, January 22. Buried the Reverend Dr. Richard Challoner, a Popish priest, and Titular Bishop of London and Salisbury, a very pious and good man, of great learning and extensive abilities." The "Bishop of London and Salisbury" is evidently what remained on the Rector's mind after being told that he was Vicar Apostolic of London and Bishop of Debra.

Alban Butler, Challoner's fellow-professor at Douay, was the more learned man of the two. A story is told of him by his nephew, Charles Butler, as illustrating the exceedingly wide character of his knowledge. One day he attended a reception held by the Bishop of Arras. On being announced by the servant, the guests fell back on either side to allow him free passage to the Bishop. This however they did, thinking the person announced as M. l'Abbé Butler to be a well-known French priest of the name. Not recognizing the new-comer, they closed in again; and the Bishop, who knew his value, vexed that he should have an ungracious reception, took him by the arm, and led him round to the various groups who were conversing in the room, telling them there was no question they could put to the Abbé Butler that he would not be able to answer. A party of officers asked him about the trajectory of a cannon-ball; some young gentlemen asked him the classical name of the pear called *Bon chrétien*, respecting which he said

that there were two opinions which he gave ; and some ladies inquired what ladies' head-dresses were like in the fourteenth century, which he answered by referring them to the horned head-dresses on the tombs at Fontevrault that he had lately visited.

The modesty of the man was more remarkable even than his learning. When he had written his *Lives of the Saints*, he sent the manuscript to a friend for his advice, and on being recommended to publish it without the notes, he did so, though thus the first edition appeared without that portion of his work that had cost him the most labour and that possessed by far the greatest value. We are indebted for *The Memoirs of Missionary Priests*, the admirable book that has saved our Martyrs from oblivion, to Challoner and Alban Butler conjointly. The materials of the book published by Challoner were put together for him by Alban Butler, and they are now preserved at Oscott.

Challoner had the happiness of seeing the first beginnings of relaxation of the oppressive penal laws. The first address to the Crown that Catholics were permitted to make was presented by several Irish peers and about three hundred Commoners of substance and position in Ireland. It recounted that "there are a set of men, who instead of exercising any honest occupation in the commonwealth, make it their employment to pry into our miserable property, to drag us into the courts, and to compel us to confess on our oaths and under the penalties of perjury whether we have in any instance acquired a property in the smallest degree exceeding what the rigour of the law has admitted ; and in such case the informers, without any other merit than that of their discovery, are invested (to the daily ruin of several innocent industrious families) not only with that surplus in which the law is exceeded, but with the whole body of the estate and interest so discovered : and it is our grief that this evil is likely to continue and increase, as informers have in this country almost worn off the infamy which in all ages and in all other countries has attended their character, and have grown into some repute by the frequency and success of their practices."

The Irish petition having been well received, an address was presented to George III. on the 31st of April, 1778, by the Earl of Surrey and the Lords Linton (afterwards seventh Earl of Traquair) and Petre, signed by ten of the English Catholic nobility and about two hundred of the principal gentry. The

consequence was that an Act of Parliament was passed in the same year, "for relieving His Majesty's subjects professing the Popish religion from certain penalties and disabilities imposed on them by an Act of the 11th and 12th years of King William III." Hitherto no Catholic could take an oath of allegiance without the oath of supremacy and the declaration against Transubstantiation. The new Act imposed an oath of allegiance without any renunciation of Catholic doctrines. It renounced allegiance "unto the person taking upon himself the style and title of Prince of Wales in the lifetime of his father, and who since his death is said to have assumed the style and title of King of Great Britain by the name of Charles III." It rejected "as an un-Christian and impious position that it is lawful to murder any person or persons whatsoever for or under pretence of their being heretics; and also that un-Christian and impious principle that no faith is to be kept with heretics." And it declared that it is no article of faith, and it abjured "the opinion that princes excommunicated by the Pope and Council, or by any authority of the See of Rome, or by any authority whatsoever, may be deposed or murdered by their subjects;" and it renounced the belief that the Pope "hath or ought to have any temporal or civil jurisdiction, power, superiority, or pre-eminence directly or indirectly within this realm."

The Act was known as Sir George Savile's; and he was rewarded for it by the destruction of his house in the Lord George Gordon riots. In introducing the Bill he described the penalties on Catholics as "disgraceful not only to religion, but to humanity." By Sir George Savile's Act, the penalty of perpetual imprisonment on Popish priests and Popish school-masters was repealed, and Papists were rendered capable of inheriting and buying lands.

More than a year passed before the outburst came, prompted by Protestant bigotry, the growth of a couple of centuries, and by the usual reckless love of destruction that animates a mob. Lord George Gordon, a son of the Catholic Duke of Gordon, was the President of the Protestant Association. He was simply a fanatic madman, and for a week he was at the head of a hundred thousand rioters in the capital of the kingdom. The first move was to present a monster petition to the House of Commons for the repeal of the small instalment of justice that had been accorded to the Catholics. It was said to have been signed by 120,000 names or marks. This was presented

on Friday the 2nd of June, 1780, by the Protestant rioters in full force.

From Palace Yard, whither they had accompanied the petition with flags and bagpipes, a part of the mob in the evening went to the Sardinian Ambassador's chapel in Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. There they broke the chapel open and pulled down the altar, the communion-rails and seats, and carrying them into the street, set them on fire against the chapel doors. In about twenty minutes the chapel caught fire, and the mob would not suffer the engines to play on it till the Guards came. Several ringleaders were taken, but were soon rescued.

Another party broke open the Bavarian Ambassador's chapel in Warwick Street, Golden Square. The plate had been secured before their coming, but they naturally took possession of the alms-boxes. When they had partly demolished the chapel furniture, they were interrupted by the soldiers, who took thirteen into custody, several of whom had received bayonet wounds. The houses of the Bavarian and Sardinian Ambassadors had been broken into, and three of the rioters were taken in the latter. Great depredations were likewise committed in and about Moorfields. This was the first day's work, and was a mere prelude to what followed.

On Sunday, in the afternoon, a mob revisited the Sardinian chapel, destroyed the repairs that had been hastily made the day before, and were proceeding to pull down the walls, when the Guards from Somerset Barracks dispersed them.

On the same afternoon another body stripped the Catholic chapel in Ropemaker's Alley, Moorfields, and three Catholic houses, and then made a bonfire of the furniture. The *Political Magazine*, from which these details are taken, remarks on the burning of the crucifix, that "the most believing and pious Christians" had thought fit to burn our Lord in effigy.

The next day they took what they had left unburnt at Moorfields, and after carrying these pieces of wood to Lord George Gordon's house in Welbeck Street, they burnt them in the adjoining fields. Meanwhile the chapels in Virginia Lane, Wapping, and in Nightingale Lane, East Smithfield, were destroyed, a detachment of the Guards from the Tower looking on, as no magistrate called on them to interfere. Moorfields suffered still more. Not only the chapel, but the school, and the houses of Catholics were destroyed, everything being burnt

that would burn, even the roofs. The schoolmaster's house was pulled down in an hour, and then some thousands went to a school in Charles Square, Hoxton, and wrecked it. Sir George Savile's was amongst the private houses destroyed on this day.

By Tuesday, June 6th, terror had become general. Every one who had occasion to go into the streets put on a blue cockade, for there was no safety without "this badge of riot." More soldiers were called into London, and the troops were stationed in St. James' Park, the Tower, and in the streets leading to the Houses of Parliament, but they had no orders to act. The first act of violence committed by the rioters this day was the burning of Newgate and the release of all the felons there confined. They then went down Snow Hill and stopped at Mr. Langdale's at Holborn Bridge. He was a Catholic who had a large distillery, and on the threat of the mob to destroy his house and property, spirits were brought out in tubs and pails, and all helped themselves that chose to do so. The rioters then divided into various parties. One set went up Holborn Hill through Hatton Garden to Clerkenwell New Prison, where they made a complete gaol-delivery. A second party broke into Sir John Fielding's house in Bow Street, and wrecked and burnt the furniture. Others went to attack the Catholics in Devonshire Street, Red Lion Square, which was known to be the place where Bishop Challoner usually lived.

The day following, every house hung out a blue flag, and the watchword of the insurgents, "No Popery," was written up everywhere. About six in the evening great bodies of men assembled in different quarters of the town. One strong party went over Blackfriars Bridge, first stopping some time at Bridewell Hospital, and on arriving at the King's Bench Prison, where they were joined by the Borough rioters, they set fire to the prison. Another formidable body broke into the Fleet Prison and set it on fire. A third strong body of the insurgents went again to Mr. Langdale's at Holborn Bridge, where since the evening before they had had spirits brought out to them as they chose. About seven in the evening they forced their way into the still-house, and rolled out the casks of spirits, of which numbers of them drank immoderately. Whilst this was going on, others were plundering the house. Everything that would burn they piled up opposite to St. Andrew's Church, and made an immense bonfire. About nine at night the still-house took fire, and the spirits that remained blazed with great fury. The

flames soon reached the backs of the houses in Field Lane, several of which were burned down. By ten o'clock Mr. Langdale's dwelling-house began to burn, and it, with two houses on one side and one on the other, was entirely consumed.

At the same time another house on Holborn Hill, just above Fetter Lane, belonging to Mr. Langdale's son, was destroyed in like manner, with the distillery adjoining it. Casks of spirits were emptied into the street. The fire extended into Barnard's Inn, part of which was burned. The toll-houses on Blackfriars Bridge were also burned. Many private houses shared the same fate, and the Catholics were surprised to find that the ringleaders were furnished with lists of houses to be attacked and destroyed. In some cases Protestant neighbours offered Catholics shelter, in others they were afraid to do so; and the fear lest their turn might come next, of being driven with wife and children into the streets, homeless and friendless, involved every Catholic in the common misery. At length the Government issued a proclamation that the riot was to be suppressed by force. The prisons were already broken open and destroyed; the Bank, the public offices, and the houses of the Ministers were threatened, and the requisite measures were tardily taken to save the rest of London. Five and twenty thousand soldiers attacked the mob in various directions, and in the morning five hundred killed and wounded rioters were lying in the streets. Fifty-nine were afterwards condemned to death and twenty of them executed. The insane author of these calamities, Lord George Gordon, died in Newgate, professing himself to be a Jew. At last the cry of "No Popery" was hushed.

Bishop Challoner was aroused from his sleep on the night of Friday, the 2nd of June, by the news of the attack on the Sardinian Chapel, and he was with difficulty induced to leave his house. On the following day he was taken to Finchley, to the country-house of Mr. William Mawhood,¹ a leading man amongst the London Catholics. Mawhood was a woollen merchant and army clothier, who had a large house and place of business in West Smithfield. On the Monday and the Tuesday of the riots, this house was visited and the rioters

¹ *Biographical Dictionary.* By Joseph Gillow, Esq. Art. "Challoner." Three volumes of this most useful Dictionary have appeared. When the work is complete, it will be a perfect storehouse of English Catholic history in modern times.

threatened to destroy it, and the owner's house at Finchley also. On Wednesday, the Bishop spent an hour in prayer while the coach was at the door, which was prepared to carry him to a place of greater security. He then told the family that "he who dwells in the help of the Most High shall abide under the protection of the God of Heaven," and he assured Mr. Mawhood that he was certain that no harm would happen either to his country-house or his town-house. The Bishop's prediction was exactly verified.

The sequel showed how signally times were changed. Property destroyed in a riot must be made good by the county. Not very many years before, Catholics would never have dreamed of hoping that restitution might be made to them for their losses. They were now told that they had taken the oath of allegiance to the King and were under the protection of the laws, like all other subjects. Compensation was therefore made to them, as well as to the Protestants, whose property had been destroyed by the mob. Instead of hurting the Catholics, in the long run the riots helped them forward towards their final emancipation.

JOHN MORRIS.

An Ascent of Vesuvius.

IT was in the month of October that my friend and I went up Vesuvius from the Pompeian side. The weather was still warm, and we had decided therefore to make the ascent before daybreak. We had been lodged in a peasant's house situated five minutes' distance from the little hotel, amongst rough fields of Indian corn and upturned land ready for other vegetables. Two tall pine-trées grew near, and the pink and yellow of the old house, irregularly built, looked inviting to those who were seeking for the simple and the picturesque. Here were a few rooms ever ready to be let to poor artists for a few francs a month ; and when the little hotel, one of the oldest in the rising, scattered village of Valle di Pompei, was full, as it was the night we arrived, the old woman who lived there, with one son a priest and the others labourers on the farm, was only too glad to receive a franc for putting up one or two of the strangers for the night. In the afternoon sun the old place had appeared most picturesque with its rambling wings and cowsheds below, and a terrace roof here and another there, with huge yellow and green pumpkins and gourds drying on them, and another long, narrow, red-tiled terrace-balcony overlooking a bright grove of lemons, citrons, oranges, and fig-trees all in their deepest shades, while over the stone parapet which ran round the terrace climbed part of a vine with leaves still bright green. Curious rough coloured jars with flowering garden plants growing in them stood about, while the pink tint of the parapet added a brilliant touch to the summer scene. The change from large hotels to this picturesque abode for one night was quite exhilarating, more especially as the sun began to set and the great stone-pines close to the old farm grew tall and dark as they stood out against the pale blue of the Italian sky.

Having had our supper in the dining-room of the little inn close by across the fields, we returned to our country lodging, where for that night we were sufficiently comfortable in a rough

way and really enjoyed it very much, since the place was quiet and certainly more rustic ; but we could hardly force ourselves to come from the terrace above the lemon-grove and leave those bright glories of an Italian starlit night to go quietly to bed. However we did go to bed eventually, and early the next morning about half-past four we roused ourselves, as the guide whom we had chosen for the ascent of Vesuvius did not come to call us till about five. It was still pitch dark ; and when dressed it was with some danger to our necks that we descended the stone staircase from the terrace outside our bed-room, and found our horses waiting for us. With some difficulty, as the lantern did not afford a particularly clear light, we managed to get into our saddles ; not, however, before one of us was nearly kicked by a brute as he stood stock still looking more like one of the farming utensils scattered about the courtyard, whose indistinct outlines we could just make out in the darkness, and not until my friend in the intolerable obscurity mistaking the head for the tail had nearly mounted his steed the wrong way. But being mounted satisfactorily or otherwise, we rode to the hotel, where we waited some time for coffee and eggs, and then again mounting we started at about a quarter to six a little before that pale light which foretells the dawn had begun to spread over the deep blue of the starlit heavens.

Our guide was also mounted, and we thus got along quicker than we should otherwise have done, which was some advantage, as we wished to avoid the heat of the sun later on at the top of the mountain. Our way lay at first over paths walled in on either side by blocks of tufa. Tufa, I must explain for those who do not know, is the volcanic ash that has been thrown out during different eruptions, and which has hardened under the pressure of further deposits of ash and earth accumulated during centuries, becoming harder and more like stone as the years have rolled on. One sees from the ruins of Pompei that the ancient Romans used to use the hardest species of tufa for the capitals of their pillars, it being easily carved, and being of a good neutral grey colour. The volutes of an Ionic capital made of tufa when struck by a stick give out a clear ringing sound like the metal of a small gong. At the present moment of which I am writing, the feet of our horses were sinking in tufa in its first stage, namely, the grey volcanic sand itself, or ash, as it is called ; and in several places we had passed it in its second stage, loose and crumbling in

a bank at the side of the path. But here the way, as I was saying, passed between walls whose stones were coarse lumps of tufa already hardened to stone; on the other side of these grew vines and small poplar-trees. At times the walls were so high that we could see nothing beyond the sky and the path in front of us. After some twenty minutes of this we reached a large village called Boscoreale, and continuing up one of the side streets we at length stopped at a *trattoria*, and drank some red wine, which was very acceptable after our short night's rest, pulling our jaded strength together and giving us greater courage to hold on to the somewhat irregular backs of our horses. We bought two bottles of this wine to take up the mountain with us; but our guide would only carry one bottle, and thought it necessary to allow an assistant to follow us to carry the other one; as, however, the latter had only one arm, possibly it was as much as he could carry, but he proved a great nuisance in the persistent way in which he clung to our horses' tails, especially when they began to trot, which extraordinary process was much modified by the tugging they thus experienced. At length we reached the outskirts of cultivated land, and found ourselves following a wide track between open vineyards, where wild figs occasionally showed themselves, and where the vines in many places were in their infancy, having only lately been planted out, owing to some previous lava stream that had stretched over or near that ground, or owing to a shower of ashes having covered what had been perhaps planted there before. The vine grows well on these volcanic soils, and the wine is heavy that is pressed from its clustering purple grapes.

For some time the mountain had been rising steeper and steeper before us, and now on our right stretched a long ridge of black lava, like the long arm of some octopus stretching out towards the fertile vineyards and fields as if it would draw them within its grasp. Higher up the lava widened out into acres of dull blackness, whose surface was rough, twisting and tortured, and whose curving margin as it sank irregularly into the sand which ran up it in gullies, was in places bordered by a stunted shrub which had forced its way up and even attempted to thrive on its treacherous edge. And above all seemed to tower the black mountain itself, steep and dangerous, its summit not even visible, so low down its side were we as yet. Some portions of the great masses of lava which we saw

presented a blackish violet appearance, and I noticed a few of a blackish reddish tint; but I saw no colours such as those which one sees in the bracelets and ornaments which are sold as carved and polished specimens of Vesuvian lava: though possibly these may be found in the Valle del Cavallo, the great valley which lay the other side of the mountain a little to our right, and which separates Vesuvius from its other ancient portion, the Monte Somma, which curves round to meet it, and overhangs like the outer edge of some enormous crater which has long since fallen in, and of which it must have once formed a side. Vesuvius therefore at the present day is itself also in the position of another side of this much more enormous volcano, that having fallen in, has left this one side to form a new crater in itself. *Mais revenons.* Our horses suddenly took a turn to the left, rounded a corner, passing over the lower end of another huge dried-up lava stream, and then, turning to the right, brought us as it were within its grasp into a small circle of sand which was surrounded and partly shut in by these old lava streams. This volcanic sand rose up the mountain's side before us in a steep ascent, up whose loose and yielding surface we saw that we should have to climb. Here we dismounted, and left our horses in the charge of a couple of men who appeared to have been waiting there in the expectation of our arrival.

Then came the ascent on foot. A couple of lads offered their assistance to pull us with straps up the slope of steep ash, which we were not wrong in supposing we should have to climb; they asked the sum of five francs, but, as we were not tired, and as from the looks of the fellows it seemed as if I could have pulled either of them backwards by merely holding on to the strap the other end of which one of them held, we dispensed with their services, but in spite of this they followed us the whole way up. Wearily we toiled up the loose foothold, our feet sinking in and down at every step we took, and the ash becoming steeper and steeper the higher we got; while every now and then these *aiuti*, as they are called, would offer their help, and inform us that we should assuredly be obliged to give in before long, and that we had much better take the strap at once, and consent to be pulled up the rest of the way before we were quite tired out; they even began to offer to pull us up for four francs and then for three, but we were obstinate, and continued to climb as best we could without

assistance. After passing this steep bit of sand, which I fancy took twenty minutes at least to climb, we reached a part where a path began to appear, beaten out by the guides, and in some places even held up by steps made out of bits of lava cut and laid in the sand, and surfaces of rock lava which now began to appear. Just at the commencement of this part where the path began to take shape, we stopped at a small hollow beneath a couple of great rocks of lava, and our guide and the remaining *aiuto*, the other had been sent back, produced some more wine and some soda-water, or rather effervescent bottled lemonade, as well as glasses; so we bought another bottle, for which we were afterwards charged in proportion to the number of feet that it had been brought up Vesuvius, and perhaps for the number of days that it had been kept in that rock; we also bought some of the lemonade, but here we were again imposed upon, for our guide for some reason being unable to burthen himself with these things, perhaps because the one-armed man had given him our two bottles to carry from where we had left him at the bottom of the ascent, proposed that the *aiuto*, as we had given him nothing to do, and as he had toiled up so far, should carry these extras to the summit for us, adding that he might prove useful after all, as the ground was dangerous at the top. So we hired him also. By the way, it seemed to me as if, the whole way along, we had been doing nothing but hire men and boys for all sorts of services which sprang up in the most unforeseen manner. For instance, at the inn where we had dismounted, two boys, if not more, at once attached themselves to my horse, the same number to my friend's horse, and another to the guide's horse: all these expected *soldi*. Then a fellow wanted something for helping me to mount again, and I believe I gave another fellow something for picking up my hat which flew off somewhere along the road; in fact our progress was one continual distribution of largess. My friend knowing less about the country than I did, everywhere gave far too much, a *soldo* would have contented them where he gave fifty centimes.

After we had passed this useful little cave where the guides stored wine, we ascended, as I have said, by a rather good path considering the circumstance that it was laid out on an active volcano. Here to right and to left of us lay great dried-up masses of pitch-black lava in huge snake-like folds and curves,

. . . Thick swarming now
With complicated monsters, head and tail,
Scorpion and asp and amphisbena dire,
Cerastes horned, hydras, and elops drear,
And dispas. . . .

Huge arms seemed to protrude here and there, with the forms of giant legs, black as the members of some awful devil, tortured and bent, and upcast from the burning hell beneath; or with endless other contorted human-like masses of lava, hurled down from highest heaven on to the fires beneath and then horribly upcast again,

Qual sopra il ventre, e qual sopra le spalle
L'un dell' altro giacea, e qual carpone
Si trasmutava per lo tristo calle.¹

No one, who has not seen these masses of twisted black lava on certain parts of the mountain, can have any idea of the extraordinary forms which they assume. To our minds these awful forms which the lava had assumed while drying brought before us those lines from Dante's description of the *Inferno*, though others might also say with Dante's guide :

Perché la vista tua si soffolge
Laggiú tra l'ombre triste smozzicate?²

But then, again, we were reminded of the "Satan and his angels cast from Heaven" as portrayed by Raphael, and those lines of Milton, which I must be pardoned for quoting at length,

. . . Him the Almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew,
Lay vanquished rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded, though immortal. . . .

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed: his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood; in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,

¹ "That one passed along upon his belly and that one upon his shoulders, one lay across the other, and the other crawling upon all fours passed along through the gloomy way." (Dante, *Inferno*, xxix. 67—69.)

² "Why thus does your gaze rest down there upon those sad mangled shades?" (Dante, *Inferno*, xxix. 5, 6.)

Titanian, or Earthborn that warred on Jove,
Briareos, or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held ; or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all His works
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream :
So stretched out huge in length the arch-fiend lay,
Chained on the burning lake ; . . .
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
That felt unusual weight till on dry land
He lights ; if it were land, that ever burned
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire.

Soon we left the path and began walking over the lava beds themselves ; here this stream of lava had first been arrested in its course from where it had poured out a little higher up, and in consequence it had formed itself into a broad expanse slightly curved but almost smooth, and of course sloping somewhat in one or two directions. Here the ground was warm, and further on the black, hard substance on which we walked was so hot that we could not keep our hands upon it ; our boots, fortunately, were very thick and strong, so that our feet did not feel the heat : but I should think that there could only have been a foot to two or three feet in thickness between us and the still glowing lava underneath. A little in front of us rose a short steep cone from which this little plain of lava had evidently once flowed, and that not so long ago either. Climbing this, hot as it was, hot too with the sun baking down upon us, we came up to near the top. Here there was no hole visible, but a little below on the other side, as it were hid by the hood, or cap, at the top, we perceived a glowing aperture, about eight inches in diameter, out of which was pouring very slowly the molten lava in a stream of about the same width which continued down the mountain as far as the bend of the hill on one side, and went on out of sight for several hundred feet further down. This narrow red-hot stream lay in a channel running in the centre and on the top of a raised bed of black, hard lava, about two and a half feet across, that was impossible to cross, the heat being terrific even a few feet off. Our guides tried to get pieces of the liquid lava out for us with very long sticks, but it was a difficult matter as they could not stand the heat for more than a few seconds, and the end of the stick was burnt away directly it touched the glowing lava. We could not approach nearer to this stream than six or seven feet, and all around the ground seemed ready to break out in the same way. Close to the hole from which this sprang was

just such another aperture, and a little lower down the cone yet another, each entering at the side and each from its position having the appearance of being beneath an overhanging hood of lava. It was very curious this half-hidden appearance of the holes at the side instead of being directly at the top. From these holes also descended a similar raised ridge with a duct on the top, now dried up, in which the lava had once flowed when red-hot.

We stood here some time looking out on the beautiful expanse of land stretching far away in the distance down below us, and at the further mountains as they stretched round the great plain out of which Vesuvius rises. The air was clear and fresh, though the sun was intensely hot, and we did well in bringing with us white calico parasols, since the sun beats with double strength on the black sides of Vesuvius. We also did well in bringing some wine, since our pluck needed fortifying as we came nearer to these fiery wonders; and the red wine mingled with the lemonade made a very cooling and invigorating drink. But our time was limited, we had to reach the summit before the mid-day heat, and we scrambled down the side of the little cone, which was perhaps some twenty-five feet high from the mountain's side, and continued our climbing. Close, however, to the base of this half-way cone, but in the rough but more or less level space which formed itself between the cone on one side and the rising side of the mountain on the other, I noticed the ground sinking down in one spot as if to some hole. Something prompted me to go nearer, and I approached towards what was a low bank or ridge of lava. The ground in front of this was quite smooth, as if lava had poured up out of it in a smooth wide stream. There, sure enough, was an enormous hole, big enough to slip into, under the ledge which rose in front of me, and having for its other three sides the smooth sloping lava on which I was standing, and which at its brim became steeper and then rapidly approached to form its sides, and then disappear over into its deep black depths, down which I endeavoured to peer, but saw nothing but interminable darkness. Had I sat down a little nearer I should almost certainly have slid over into the narrow shaft and found out the secret of the mountain quicker than those who continue to climb about its black and hardened surface. We left this behind us, and, continuing some more rough climbing, suddenly came upon a great crevass between fifty and a hundred feet in length; one end of it was at

least four feet wide excluding the rough hard sloping ground on either side, which gave it the appearance of being at least six feet in width. In the other direction, half-sloping down the mountain towards the Valle del Cavallo, this crevass narrowed itself to about three-quarters of a foot. Therefore towards this end of it I deemed it advisable to cross, which with the greatest care we managed to do, for there would have been no chance of being pulled out of such a place again, alive, had one once fallen in. A crevass in a Swiss glacier is not nearly so dangerous a place into which to slip as such a crevass as that which I describe in the side of an active volcano. Here one would be inevitably suffocated by the heat and the sulphurous fumes which most certainly would be hanging about in its lowest depths, although no reflection of red lava showed itself to us as we looked down over its dangerous edge. Although I have said that the part where we crossed was only three-quarters of a foot wide, yet taking into consideration the curve of its edge at either side and the slippery sharpness of the hardened lava, which would cut like hundreds of knives if one fell on it, the total width was fully a yard, and that we had to step across as best we could.

After passing this place, which is off the beaten track usually shown to travellers, and which by now might even be closed up again by some slow movement of the mountain's forces, we had some more rough climbing and scrambling over huge masses of scoriae, and ascending steep slopes of loose stones which kept on giving way beneath our feet as we ascended, till at length after much exertion we reached the top rim of the great outer crater, three-quarters of an hour from the time we left our horses and the more level sands below, and about four hours and twenty minutes from the time when we left the Albergo di Sole. Before us rose the thick column of white smoke from the smaller inner crater; and we were standing not any longer on black lava and loose rocks, but on a fine dusty sand of sulphur and ash; the ground in places was perfectly yellow, which some say is composed principally of FeCl_2 chloride of iron, but which probably contains a good deal of sulphuric acid from time to time, as well as hydrogen chloride, besides a good deal of free sulphur. On the surface of the soft dust there is often also more or less copper when Vesuvius is more active than usual. Undoubtedly iron exists there also, but it is absurd to say, as I have known many do, for the mere sake of asserting an argument, that iron exists in the crater to

the detriment of sulphur,¹ when probably there is more visible sulphur than iron in the crater round the smoking mouth. Bits of this crumbling material that I picked up were almost orange, and all this soft ground was warm to the touch, some of it even fuming with excess of vapoury moisture, particularly at the base of the outer crater's wall and on the outer side of it, up which we had come. The outer crater is merely what at some former eruption was the whole crater itself, now however filled up by the lava then flowing and covered daily with ash and scoriæ ejected by the small inner crater, which gradually builds up the outer circular wall on the ruins of what were once, as we have just said, the extensive walls of the active crater itself. This inner crater rises inside the hollow formed by the circular wall of the outer crater, but instead of rising in the centre, the little cone of black ash rises near the northern side, and at the time we were up there it was only a few feet in height below the level of the outer cone's wall. The walls of the outer cone were about twenty or thirty feet high then, but all these dimensions vary every month; and indeed the whole shape of the summit is altered after an eruption. I suppose that the diameter of the outer crater when we were up there was about eighty feet, and that of the inner crater fifteen. But to return to the moment when we reached the top on this side of the crater. First we were struck by the noise as of artillery which accompanied each ejection of stones. These ejections took place every minute or so, but clouds of smoke continued to pour out all the time, and

Facevano un tumulto, il qual s'aggira
Sempre in quell'aria senza tempo tinta
Come la rena quando a turbo spirà.²

Then, as a gust of wind rose, the great cloud of smoke—

La bufera infernal, che mai non resta
Mena gli spiriti con la sua rapina
Voltando e percuotendo gli molesta;³

¹ "Faraday believed the thick yellowish-white smoke from the crater to be 'sulphurous acid gas and water:' he wrote that the odour of chlorine was perceptible in cavities. Of the vapours rising here and there from the surfaces of the cone, he wrote that they were sulphurous and carbonic acids with water." (*Life and Letters of Faraday*, by Dr. Bence Jones.)

² "They made a tumult, which went round for ever in that air dusky for all time, as the sand when it blows round in a whirlwind." (Dante, *Inferno*, iii. 28—30.)

³ "The infernal whirlwind, which never rests, drives the spirits in its rapine, turning and beating them it molests them." (Dante, *Inferno*, v. 31—33.)

—was blown more round and threw the stones nearer to us. When there is no wind these stones usually fall straight back into the mouth of the active cone again, but to-day some of the lighter ones came over to us. Some that we saw ejected must have been two feet long, and of course were really red-hot masses of lava, but actual inspection of them was impossible as these fell back again at once into the inner crater.¹ After some minutes standing on this outer edge, the guide with my friend, and the other guide with me, rushed down the side into the fuming sulphurous level of the outer crater. Here we were almost in the most central point of the volcano; we could hardly breathe, sulphurous smoke clung round us, and we could scarcely see more than twenty feet ahead; the ground was vaporous with sulphur, and near us fell small stones. To our right rose the little active cone, and to the left lay what might at any moment have turned into another active cone, so great was the steaming smoke that arose from the surface of the ground in that quarter; indeed we could not have seen to walk there, and for ought we knew some awful fissure might have been opening at that moment to form a new active crater, into which we should have blindly slipped and disappeared for ever. But through the tract of visible level which the guide had chosen we ran with all our might, our feet sinking in the soft floury sulphurous sand, and our eyes unable to see my friend and the other guide just ahead of us, till we reached a point on the other side of the crater, up which we managed to climb, just avoiding a shower of stones, and seeing a stone some twenty-four inches round fall a few feet from us. Here on this bank I noticed great patches of orange ash; some of this I took home with me, though it was rather difficult to get, as it all seemed to be far hotter than the paler yellow lumps, and was also far harder to break off; for where it grew the sulphurous ash had hardened into rock, being saturated with muriates of iron, which give it these deep yellow, orange, and red colours.

A moment or two after we had climbed up to this point an old and crippled man came towards us. His neck was wrapped up in cloths and his hands were white and distorted. Over his forehead his cap was drawn down tightly, but his features

¹ Faraday, describing his ascent of Vesuvius on March 16, 1815, says: "From the crater rose lumps of lava into the air of $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to 2 lbs. or more; generally long, like splashes of thick mud; often splitting into two or more pieces in the air." (*Life and Letters of Faraday*, by Dr. Bence Jones.)

showed that peculiar leonine appearance which marks leprosy. The guide too, the moment that he saw him coming, had told me that he was a leper ; and afterwards he told me that it was the poor creature's usual occupation to stay up there and sell bits of sulphurous ash and lava to those who came up. It perhaps was the healthiest place that he could live in, close to this pit that vomited up sulphurous fumes and dangerous lava ; as for where he slept it was no doubt in some crevice or cave formed by overhanging masses of huge scoriae lying by the hollowed edge of some dried-up lava stream lower down the mountain, in some out-of-the-way spot where no one would be likely to go.

It was about 10 a.m., and the sun had been for some hours shining fiercely on us. Still the horizon was misty, but yet, owing to our height up, we saw a great distance far out over the sea. We stood here by the crater a quarter of an hour, listening to the crash of the steam and stones as they burst out of the active cone, and watching the great column of white smoke as it rose rapidly and bent away towards the greyish island of Ischia, far out in the hazy distance twenty-five miles away. Further to the left, rising from the sea eighteen miles away, though apparently about the same distance off as the latter island, lay the long well-known form of Capri, its very shape attracting the attention and making one expect some strange secret hidden away in its historic rocky precipices ; it was just then emerging into light from the distant haze that enveloped it. The sea seemed smooth as glass from the great height at which we looked down over it, and the beautiful panorama stretching to right and to left was bathed in misty sunshine. Naples, with all her suburbs and neighbouring straggling towns, lay to the right, while to the left stretched round in a curve the mountains which run down further away towards the sea to form the promontory of Sorrento. Below us lay the plain and behind us the higher mountains of the Apennines, and over all the palest and brightest blue sky imaginable. Below us lay the rising hamlet of Valle di Pompei, but the old ruins of ancient Pompei itself we could not discern, probably because they were so much the colour of the surrounding ground : but yet, there below, we knew were the remains of those old towns and buried cities which this same fiery mountain on which we were now standing had once enveloped in fuming smoke and covered with stifling ash or

boiling lava. Herculaneum now lies beneath Resina and Portici, that long stretch of town to our right along the way to Naples in front of it and also in the harbour of Torre del Greco, nearer to us, lie ships at anchor, and we can just make them out and imagine all the chatter and shouting that accompanies the unloading of their cargo. Such as it was, where we stood it was a view never to be forgotten; even as yet the day had hardly begun, it being, as we have said, not much more than ten o'clock, and the bright sunny air was still misty in the coming heat of broad daylight and hot Italian sun.

Then turning, I again beheld the steaming crater thundering forth its smoking contents with noise as of distant artillery, muffled by the depth from which it rose. And every now and then as we listened we could hear the boiling lava down beneath lashing against the hidden rocks, which lay almost under our feet, like molten lead, liquid as steaming water. Not always does it appear to have this sound, so I am told, but that day we agreed that this was certainly what it sounded most like to our ears. But at night it is as if,

Io venni in luogo d'ogni luce muto,
Che muggchia, come fa mar per tempesta,
Se da contrari venti è combattuto.¹

And in this terrible loneliness of night it is still worse, for,

Quivi sospiri, pianti ed alti guai
Risonavan per l'aere senza stelle,²

Diverse lingue, orribili favelle
Parole di dolore accenti d'ira,
Voci alte e fioche, e suon di man con elle.³

But with the sound and the ascending crash there came the steam and smoke and small stones, in giant puffs of white cloud that showed the tremendous forces which were working underneath, and the dangerous sulphurous soil on which we stood.

The inner crater, as I have found out, was some months before accessible, and guides have descended a certain distance down a steep decline of loose sulphurous ash, such as we had

¹ "I came to a place where every light was dark, which roared, as does the sea in a tempest if it is beaten by adverse winds." (Dante, *Inferno*, v. 28—30.)

² "There sighs, weepings, and deep woes sounded through the air dark without a single star." (Dante, *Inferno*, iii. 22, 23.)

³ "Many tongues, horrible language, words of grief, mutterings of anger, voices piercing high and hoarsely low, and the sound of beating of hands." (Dante, *Inferno*, iii. 25—27.)

crossed in the outer crater, only more covered with large stones, until they have reached a rock of solid lava some thirty feet below, which projected out over into the yawning hole down which they had descended ; beneath this rock, which evidently receded, was the red-hot lava, like seething water at an enormous temperature : but when we ascended Vesuvius it was impossible to approach anywhere near the inner crater, so actively was it throwing up stones with its bursts of thick smoke.

A quarter of an hour of this awful spot was enough for us, since each minute seemed to make the place more dangerous and more unbearable ; people who have never been up at a similar period of activity can never fully understand the sensation which such a sight causes, but I am sure that many more will agree with me in what I have said. We took our farewell glance all round and gave ourselves up once more to our guides. One seizing the arm of my friend, the other mine, led us, or rather tore us, down an almost perpendicular descent of loose black ash, in which our feet sank at every step. As we went down I nearly lost my breath, at so great a rate did we descend. Once we stopped, and then on again we continued, pounding our way down through the yielding sand at the same headlong pace ; in ten minutes we went down the same height that it had, on the other side of the mountain, on the hard lava, taken us about an hour and three quarters to ascend. When we reached the bottom of this steep slope we walked a short distance and then suddenly came upon our steeds, which had been brought round from the place where we had left them. Here also we found about eight men and boys, all shouting together that they had held our horses, at the same time three of these wretches apportioned themselves out to each horse in order to assist in helping us on, each of them, of course, expecting a tip. I was, however, fortunately, tired and irritable, and becoming thoroughly exasperated by this, on the top of a series of other frauds of the same sort, which these inhabitants about Vesuvius always impose on foreigners, and Englishmen in particular, I threw thirty or forty centessimi to only one of them, and the rest had to be contented with what they could share out of it. Then we started, and at first we slowly wended our way down the rest of the base, which gradually got less steep. Here and there lower down we stopped a moment to pluck some figs from a wild fig-tree, and then going into a sharp anter we scurried over the sand when on more level ground.

The one-armed man was once more with us, holding persistently on to my horse's tail, which however I at length discovered, since the cantering movement of the animal was so peculiar that it made me turn round to see whether there was anything to disturb its equilibrium behind; however, I put a stop to it, and the weight being removed we progressed with more rapidity and greater evenness.

Passing by open vineyards, green and thick with hanging clusters of grapes as yet not quite ripe for the vintage, we at length reached the sandy paths shut in by the same walls between which we had at first come; and along these dusty lanes we jogged, startling the bright-coloured lizards away over the edge of the sun-baked wall where they had been quietly basking, till we reached the road, which we were not sorry to see, for in a few minutes more we came to the few scattered houses of new Pompei, or Valle di Pompei as it is called, and knew that our expedition was over. At a small house here, called the office of the guides to Vesuvius, we dismounted stiff and tired out, and had to write our names in a book, and pay a fixed charge of seven francs for each horse and five francs for the guide. By the way, we had long ago tipped and got rid of the *aiuto* who had followed us to the top of the mountain. But there was yet more to pay, for when we reached our hotel, the Albergo di Sole, we had to disburse a heavy tip for our guide, who, however, thoroughly deserved it, having taken us to more parts of the mountain than ordinary travellers usually see. We reached our hotel at 11.20 a.m., five hours and a half after we had started early that morning, and were glad to be able to lie down and obtain rest before lunch.

Such was our ascent which, from the number of others that have been described to me by various travellers during my long stay in Pompei, where I was studying the excavations and ruins of the old city, I can safely say was comparatively unique, and at least to us most interesting, and well worth all the exertion and expensive imposition that we had undergone.

That night I watched Vesuvius from the roof of my room, situated apart at the end of the hotel's wild and picturesque garden, to which I had removed from the farmhouse where we had slept the first night. The great form of the mountain rose four or five miles off, and spread in graceful curves away to right and to left. High on the top the fire threw its reflection on the clouds of smoke as they passed out of the inner crater;

only about four times have the flames themselves appeared within the last year. In winter, when the snow lies half-way down the mountain, the effect of the red glow on its crest is most curious, more especially as this Italian midnight sky is a deep steady blue, star bespangled, and curving as a vast dome above all.

The famous observatory on the mountain is on the other side to that by which we made our ascent, but another observatory has lately been started at Pompei. In 1868 the height of Vesuvius was about 4,255 feet, but the eruption of 1872 diminished it; however it is now somewhere about 4,200 feet. The Monte Somma, divided from Vesuvius by the great valley called the Atrio del Cavallo, rises to the height of 3,642 feet, and adds great beauty in its jagged form to the long low outline of Vesuvius which, as seen from the sea, rises in front of it. The two great peaks together look like the fallen-in sides of some great extinct crater, which quite possibly was what the two once formed together. A great eruption of Vesuvius was last year expected, and, but for an escape of lava at the side, breaking out not far from the place I have described in these pages, this eruption would probably have taken place with great force, since for one hour the crater did actually overflow. Stromboli was very active at the time, as was also Etna, which of course tended to diminish the chances of an eruption of Vesuvius. The English papers mentioned an eruption of Vesuvius as taking place, though as I was on the spot, I don't know what it was that they took for an eruption. This year again, in July, the lava came out in considerable strength on the observatory side of the mountain, that facing Naples, and the light thrown up by the glowing lava in the darkness was visible from Sorrento, though the stream itself could not be seen from the latter place. Much smoke continues to come out, however, and when the side of the mountain has strengthened itself again, we may expect some overflow of lava from the top; but for the great eruption we must still wait, and it may not come perhaps for twenty years, or it may suddenly rouse all Naples in some terrible and unwarmed moment of earthquake and destruction.

H. P. FITZGERALD MARRIOTT.

The Age of the Psalms.

THE complex question as to the date, chronological sequence, and authorship of the Psalms might, in earlier times, have been dismissed with Theodoret's brief solution thereof. In his Preface to the Psalms, he observes that they are ascribed by some to several authors, and continues: "I care not to decide this point. David *may* be the sole author of the Psalms, or certain Psalms *may* have been penned by others. What can it matter, as we are assured that they were composed, one and all, under the inspiration of the Spirit of God? . . . The Psalmist, or Prophet, lends his tongue to the Holy Ghost, as we read in Psalm xliv, 'My tongue is a pen, a rapid writer.'" Thus far the Bishop of Cyrrhus. We may not, however, pass over in silence the theories of Hitzig and of his followers, Von Lengerke, Justus Olshausen, &c., which assign the greater part of the Psalter to the Machabæan epoch. Their view has of late been developed, with a wealth of erudition, by the Bampton Lecturer for 1889,¹ who proves himself a thorough-going disciple of that school of Biblical criticism with which the names of Kuennen, Tiele, Reuss, and Wellhausen are identified. Wellhausen lays it down as unquestionable—and Dr. Cheyne warmly approves—that the post-Exilic composition of the Psalter is certain. To state the lecturer's thesis in his own words: "Putting aside Psalm xviii. (xvii. of Vulgate), and possibly lines and verses imbedded here and there in later Psalms, the Psalter as a whole is post-Exilic."² With the proof he alleges in support of his main contention we thoroughly agree.

Unquestionably, the Psalter postulates the Law, presupposes the *Tôrâh*, which, as Thalhofer truly observes, moulded whatever was most noble in the character of the chosen race, penetrated, purified, and hallowed the several relations of its private and

¹ *Origin and Religious Contents of the Psalter, &c.* By the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, M.A., D.D., &c.

² Introduction, p. xxxi.

public life. Fitly, then, may the Psalter be viewed as the subjective *Tôrah* decked in poetic garb. "Psalterium Toræ resonat, et vox Ecclesiæ est, qua vox Jehovæ in lege ad ipsam directa reciprocatur."¹ "If," says the Lecturer, "the Law as a whole were pre-Exilic, the Psalter, or at any rate a considerable part of it, should be pre-Exilic too." Our quarrel is with the implied premiss—"As a whole, the Law is *not* pre-Exilic." It is obviously impossible, within the compass of an article like the present, to exhibit in detail the reasons for our dissent. Suffice it to observe that, excluding the historical books of the Old Testament, there are no authentic documents from which information may be derived bearing on the history of Israel from the Exodus, or from the establishment of the monarchy to the return from the Babylonian captivity. The references in the cuneiform and hieroglyphic texts are too few to throw more than a dim side-light on some stray points. Hence the frame work of historical fact whereof the Lecturer avails himself beaten out thin, and then well padded with subjective appreciations, with hypotheses borrowed from a school whose coryphaei are hopelessly at variance with one another, and lastly, though not least, with details for which Professor Cheyne has drawn, mainly, on his imagination. And, if the Sacred Records are honeycombed with antedated interpolations foisted into them by scribes who "wrote themselves back into the mind of David, Moses," or of other worthies of the elder Covenant, who may gainsay him?

To determine the age of the Psalms, a preliminary question of no slight importance must be dealt with. What was the date of the final compilation, which welded together the minor ancient collections, if such there were, into a whole? That no defined compilation of the canonical writings was thought of before the time of Esdras, is generally admitted. But there is no reason to believe that the task of collecting and revising the Divine Records, which, if we credit the common tradition, Esdras and Nehemias personally undertook, was completed in the days of the latter. The well-known account of Nehemias' labours² records not the formation, still less the closing of a

¹ *Erklärung der Psalmen*, Einleitung, § 4, p. 8.

² "The same things also were reported in the writings and commentaries of Nehemias; and how he founding a library, gathered together the acts of the Kings, and the Prophets, and of David, and the Epistles of the Kings concerning the holy gifts. (14) In like manner also Judas gathered together all those things that were scattered by reason of the war we had, and they remain with us." (2 Machab. ii. 13, 14.)

defined canon of Scriptures, but, for aught we know, an indiscriminate collection of the noted writings bearing on Jewish religion and history. Owing to the havoc wrought by the Syrian persecution, and the wars it provoked, this initiatory step had to be repeated before anything like a catena of sacred literature was compiled. The insane fury of Antiochus scattered far and wide all such collections, and Nehemias' work had to be begun *ab ovo* by Judas Machabæus. True, Jewish tradition attributes the formation of the Canon to the men of the "Great Synagogue," but this by no means implies that the Canon was finally closed at the early date usually assigned, for, as Delitzsch observes, this *συναγωγὴ μεγάλη* was still in existence under the domination of the Seleucidæ.¹ The common view that Esdras not only collected the sacred books but closed the Jewish Canon, is based on the authority of the *Pirke Abhōth*,² the ninth treatise of Part 4 in the ordinary editions of the Mishna, which, as all modern scholars are agreed, contains mythical details. The final closing of the Jewish Canon must be brought down to the last decade of the first century of our era, during which the canonicity of Canticles and Ecclesiastes was called in question in the Jewish schools, and, as we ourselves have heard from an eminent Rabbinical scholar, the prophecies of Ezechiel were in no small danger of being excluded from the list of sacred books. That the books originally written in Greek, or whose Hebrew text had been lost, were rejected, may reasonably be accounted for by the rabid clannishness which instituted an annual fast to commemorate the first Greek version of the *Tōrah*! As regards the final compilation of the Psalter, something like a certain *terminus ad quem* is the date of the Greek translation of 1 Machabees. At the time when this was completed, that a Greek version of the Psalms corresponding, more or less, with the present LXX. Psalter was current, may be inferred from a comparison of 1 Machab. ii. 63, vii. 17, ix. 23, with the LXX. renderings of these passages. It is natural to suppose that the Psalms were translated as a whole, and not separately and from time to time. We may therefore reasonably conjecture that the Psalter was closed before the writing of the Greek translation of 1 Machabees, say between 130—120 B.C. The Hebrew Psalter is divided into five books, the respective contents whereof are: (1) Psalms i.—xl.; (2) Psalms xli.—lxxi.; (3) Psalms lxxii.—lxxxviii.; (4) Psalms lxxxix.—cv.; (5)

¹ See 1 Machab. xiv. 28.

² "The sentences of the Fathers."

Psalms cvi.—cl. LXX. and the Syriac version append to Psalm cl. a *ψαλμὸς ἴδιογράφος εἰς Δάνιδ κ.τ.τ.*, which is rejected on all hands as apocryphal. This five-fold division was doubtless suggested by reverence for the Pentateuch. It was the same motive that led to the juxtaposition of the five *m'gillōth* (Rolls Volumes), in defiance of all sense of propriety, viz., Canticles, Ruth, Lamentations, Ecclesiastes, and Esther. Each book ends with a *b'rakkāh* (blessing, doxology), with the exception of the last, for obvious reasons.

It is reasonable to suppose that the doxology is an integral part of the Psalm to which it is attached, and that the Psalms which ended with the most appropriate doxologies were selected to close the respective divisions. Most probably this system of division is coeval with the compilation of the Old Testament Canon. The earliest mention of it in Hebrew literature seems to be the well-known passage in *Midrash T'hillim*: "Moses gave Israel the five books of the Tôrah, and corresponding to these, David gave them the Book of Psalms, wherein are five books." This analogy did not escape the notice of early Christian writers. Thus, Hippolytus observes that the Jews divided the Psalter into five books, "so that it forms another Pentateuch."¹ This five-fold division is mentioned (sometimes with disapproval, as by St. Augustine, and Cassiodorus who believes that it originated with St. Jerome) by other noted ecclesiastical writers of the first five centuries. The first Book (i.—xl.) exhibits most uniformity of character. Most of the Psalms it contains are of Davidic authorship, and though, as might be expected, differing much in tone, they bear the impress of Davidic style. Of the forty Psalms of which it consists, thirty-seven have David's name (*l'Dâvid*) prefixed in the Massoretic text; and of the three *ἀδέσποτοι* ("orphaned" in Rabbinical parlance), i. ii. are anonymous, probably by reason of their prefatory character; xxxii., to which the Alexandrian translator has prefixed *τῷ Δάνιδ*, is claimed for David, in virtue of an old Rabbinical canon, which may be deemed to hold good for the earlier, but not for the later Books of the Psalter. It enacts that all anonymous Psalms are to be ascribed to the authors named in the superscription last preceding. In Book II. we meet with Psalms of all periods. The superscriptions enable us to divide it into two distinct sections, a Levitic and a Davidic. The former consists of Psalms xli.—xlviii., ascribed "to the sons

¹ "Ωστε εἶναι καὶ αὐτὸν ἄλλον πεντάτευχον."

of Core" (*lib'néy Qôrah*), and Psalm xlix., "a Psalm to (of) Asaph" (*miz'môr l'Asâph*), inscriptions which, as will be shown, furnish no clue to the date of these Psalms; the latter comprises Psalms 1.—lxx., bearing the name of David, an assignment which, specially in the case of Psalms liii.—lxiii., is justified by the style and historical situation. The Book closes with Psalm lxxi., inscribed "To Solomon" (*li Sh'lômôh*), rendered by LXX. *eis Σαλωμόν*, who show thereby that, on the ground of conjecture, or of tradition, contrary to their wont, they did not deem the preposition (*l'*), in this case at least, to denote authorship. The name of the poet who indited this sublime hymn, wherein the accents of prayer are blended with the gladsome forecasts of Messianic hope, is now hopelessly lost. It is by no means unlikely that Ethan the Ezrahite, the poet who, in the reign of Roboam mourns over the seeming failure of the promises made to David,¹ may have written this Psalm in the early days of Solomon's reign, ere he belied the promise of being a true son of David. Psalm lii. is, for the most part, a mere repetition of Psalm xiii. The few variations are no mere corruptions or emendations of the elder text, but point² to a deliberate adaptation of Psalm xiii. to some notable panic among those who were encamped against Israel. We said just now that the ascriptions, "To Asaph," or "To the sons of Core" (*lib'néy Qôrah*, or *Qôrach*), tell us nothing as to the date of these Psalms. We must here premise that although, by Arabic writers, the prefix *li* is often used to denote authorship (*Lam auctoris*), yet the indefiniteness of the Hebrew *l'*, which merely indicates some kind of relationship, requires that it should not invariably be taken to imply that the names to which it is prefixed designate the writers of the respective Psalms.

Coraites are mentioned once, in the time of Josaphat,³ as *singers*, but there is not the slightest intimation that they were also *Psalmists*. With this may we couple the fact that Heman (not the Ezrahite), one of the three choir-masters appointed by David,⁴ was a descendant of Core of the tribe of Levi. As Heman had fourteen sons, trained to song and instrumental music, "for the service of the house of God,"⁴ there may have been no less than fourteen families of professional singers, who

¹ Psalm lxxxviii.

² 2 Paral. (Chron.) xx. 19.

³ 1 Chron. xxv. 1—5.

⁴ 1 Chron. xxv. 5, 6.

might fitly be called "the sons of Core,"¹ and so the superscription *li b'nêy Qôrach* implies that the Psalms thus entitled were given to professional musicians, sons of Core the Levite, to be sung, rather than Coraitic authorship. Twelve Psalms² bear the title *l'Asâph*, lit. *to Asaph*. From what has been said of the Coraites, we see that it is possible to ascribe to this title either of two meanings. That Asaph was an author we know from 2 Paral. xxix. 30, where we read that Ezechias, at the restoration of the Temple worship, ordered the Levites to sing "in the words of David and Asaph the seer." But though a Psalmist and a seer, he was likewise a musician. His appointment as precentor is twice mentioned,³ and "the sons of Asaph," as the designation of a musical school, occurs in the post-Exilic records of Esdras,⁴ and Nehemias.⁵ The name *Asaph* may, therefore, have been used generically for the family, the musical school of Asaph, even as the whole priesthood is, at times, called Aaron. Of the Psalms ascribed to him, xlix. and lxxx., as akin in its teachings to the former, may be assigned to his authorship, but lxxiii. lxxviii. imply a historical situation unparalleled in the annals of Israel, save at the epoch of the Syrian persecution. As a seer David's contemporary may have prophesied the outrages and atrocities whereby Antiochus Epiphanes (the illustrious), earned from the Jewish annalists the surname of "Epimanes" (the frantic), but the fact that he did so is as yet not proven. Book III. is of the same mixed character; the Asaphic Psalms precede those of the sons of Core. Psalms lxxxiii. and lxxxv. are the only ones which may reasonably be claimed for David. Book IV.⁶ opens with a Psalm which may well be the oldest in the Psalter, ascribed by title to Moses, and its resemblance to the Mosaic poetry in Deuteronomy is so striking, that those who question the ascription must admit that was intended as an imitation.

¹ As may be gathered from the Brehon laws, among the early Gaels as with the ancient Hindus, every school, medical, legal, or bardic, was at the outset an actual family. Even when outsiders were admitted, the tendency was to shape it on the model of a family. The Brehon tracts expressly lay down that the relation of pupil to teacher creates the same *Patria Potestas* as actual fatherhood. The oft-recurring expression, "sons of the prophets" (disciples, or schools of the prophets), "my son," addressed to the reader in Proverbs, the later Syriac, "sons of Bardesanes" (followers of that heresiarch), show that this conception was not foreign to the Semitic races.

² Psalms xlix. and lxxii.—lxxxii. ³ 1 Paral. xv. 19; xxv. 1.

⁴ Esdras ii. 41; iii. 10. ⁵ Nehemias vii. 44; xi. 22.

⁶ Psalms lxxxix.—cv.

Psalms c. and cii. are the only ones entitled to David, an ascription generally allowed as regards Psalm c., but questioned as to Psalm cii., on account of certain Aramaisms, or abnormal forms of the pronominal suffixes in verses 3—5. In this, as in Book V., the non-Davidic Psalms are left anonymous. Psalms xcii. xciv.—xcix. express the gladsome hope of the restored exiles, and mark the transition from the pre-Exilic period to that of the Restoration. Book V. is mainly filled with compositions of the same period, jubilant in tone, and fitted for liturgical use, as, unlike most Davidic Psalms, they treat of national, not of personal experiences. A noteworthy feature of this book is the appearance of two groups of Davidic Psalms cvii.—cix., and cxxxvii.—cxliv.; these latter exhibit the closest mutual relationship, and recall the Davidic Psalms of Book I. If not written by David, they are, at least, good imitations of his style. As regards Psalms cvii. cviii. there is no reason for doubting the ascription, and as for Psalm cix., its Davidic origin is placed beyond question by a Divine witness and by the inspired writers of the New Testament. A collection of fifteen Psalms entitled "Songs of Ascents,"¹ are obviously of post-Exilic origin. They probably were sung, or recited by the pilgrim bands going up to Jerusalem for the celebration of the great festivals. One of them² is inscribed "to Solomon" in the Hebrew text, but not in LXX.³ Of the four bearing the title "To David," we can only observe that this ascription is conspicuously absent from LXX., and as regards Psalms cxxi. and cxxxiii. from most of the versions and from the Targum.

Enough has been said to show that the chronological order is wholly neglected in the compilation of the Psalter. As the titles of the surats, or chapters of the Koran are taken from some chance word or phrase, which fell in with the whim of the editor, so too the juxtaposition of the Psalms frequently originates in some real or fancied similarity of diction. A single striking expression is at times the connecting link between Psalm and Psalm. Thus, Psalm lv. entitled (in text) "On the dumb dove of distant places," follows Psalm liv. which prays, "Would that I had the wings of a dove." On similar grounds Psalm xvi. succeeds Psalm xv. A principle we may well call childish links together Psalms which style God "Elohim" and those which style Him "Jehovah." As regards

¹ Psalms cxix.—cxxxiii. The "Gradual Psalms" of the Roman Breviary.

² Psalm cxxvi. ³ Codex Vatican.

the Davidic period, a version giving the Divine names as they stand in the text would show that both titles were in common use. The same may be said of the Psalms we may reasonably refer to the period between David and the Captivity. "Jehovah" is more commonly used in the post-Exilic Psalms. Ere taking leave of Book V. we may observe that Psalms cxii. cxviii. form what is known as the "Hallel of Egypt." At the Passover Supper Psalms cxii. cxiii. 1—8, are recited at the elevation of the second cup, the cup of the *Haggadah* ("showing forth"). The remainder¹ are recited at the filling of the fourth cup, the cup of the blessing: "I will lift up the cup," or, "elevate the chalice of salvation."² In a recent Hebrew version of the New Testament, St. Matt. xxvi. 30, "And when they had sung a hymn," &c., is rendered, "After they had finished the Hallel."³

This also enables us to account for the bisection of Psalm cxiii. into Psalms cxiv. cxv. in the Hebrew Bible and the Anglican version. One of the greatest difficulties we meet with in the interpretation of the Psalms is the explanation of the superscriptions, which indicate in many instances not only the authors, but also the historical background, or liturgical occasion of the several Psalms, and, as it is conjectured, the mode of their musical performance. That they are of great antiquity is plain from the fact that the LXX. found them in their text, but were unable to explain them, nor are they more clearly understood by the Rabbis. Are they authentic? This question regards only those which we now have in the Hebrew text, as in many cases the titles in LXX. differ from those in the original Psalter, chiefly by way of addition. This elimination by no means implies their indiscriminate rejection, as we may claim for them the value at least of time-honoured and plausible conjectures, even if they be not the record of an oral tradition. For the affirmative it is alleged that they form an integral part of the original text, and as such are recited or sung in the synagogue services. With the single exception of the rationalizing Theodore of Mopsuestia, they were disputed of none, till Vogel (A.D. 1767) called them in question. Further, they are in analogy with the several ascriptions we meet with, here and there, in the books of the Old Testament. Their varied, unsystematic, and often obscure and unintelligible character is a proof of their antiquity, and forbids the supposition that

¹ Psalms cxiii. 9—26—cxviii., the Hosanna Psalms.

² Cf. 1 Cor. x. 16; Psalm cxv. 4. ³ Franz Delitzsch, *N.T.*

they are recent interpolations. It is also alleged that they are canonized by the Decree of the holy Council of Trent,¹ "Concerning the Canonical Scriptures." On the other hand, they are placed on a par with the subscriptions to the New Testament Epistles in the *Textus receptus*, and with the titles added by the LXX., by the self-styled "higher criticism." But as Thalhofer observes,² the tests applied by this modern school to the examination of these titles are, for the most part, merely subjective. On the strength of an isolated phrase, or of a single word, at times, one critic pronounces forthwith that a Psalm is antedated a thousand years. A seemingly abnormal grammatical form, certain fancied peculiarities of idiom are pounced upon by another to justify an *ex cathedra* rejection of the title, while a third, waiving linguistic evidence as to date, infers its incongruity with the contents of the Psalm from an arbitrary view of the historical background, which, by the way, is but seldom definitely indicated. A Psalm adjudged by one critic to David, on the score of its style is, for precisely the same reason, relegated by another to the latter decades of the post-Exilic period, &c., &c. The arguments alleged in defence of the authenticity of these titles against the assumptions of an arbitrary hypercriticism can evidently not be set forth here. Suffice it to say that, when individually examined, they are generally found trustworthy, and that every separate objection made to their correctness can be fairly met. As Catholics we are not bound to accept them indiscriminately, or in their strictly literal tenor, as the Church has never defined the authenticity of these titles. The Tridentine Decree mentioned above, contains the significant limitation: "As they have been used to be read in the Catholic Church." Now, these titles are never recited or sung in our churches, they are conspicuously absent from our liturgical books. Further, the Decree is couched in general terms, and makes no distinction; if then it includes the Psalm titles, we should be obliged to accept all that are in the Latin Vulgate. But it were difficult, not to say impossible, to prove the authenticity of many of them, they are wanting in the Hebrew Psalter, not to mention that in some cases, Psalm lxv. for instance, they bear the impress of a later age. Hence, Nicolas de Lyra, Ferrandus, Natalis Alexander, with other eminent Catholic divines, have not scrupled to call them in question, and the oft-repeated assertion that *all* the Fathers

¹ Sess. 4. ² L.c. § 3.

vouch for them *en bloc* needs to be taken *cum grano salis*. Theodoret, who, by the way, is said to have held that the LXX. were inspired to translate these titles, hesitates not to attribute some of them at least to scribes or copyists. St. Augustine and St. Hilary are compelled to complain that instead of furnishing a key to the literal meaning of the Psalms, many of them put us on a false track, and hence betake themselves to mystic interpretations pious indeed, but far from satisfactory. A further proof that the Church has never held that all these titles are an integral portion of the Divine Scriptures is the liberty she allows to omit, to change them, and even to substitute new ones. For these titles vary considerably in the ancient versions which are still publicly read in several churches in Catholic communion. The Peshitto, or simple Syriac, differs here from the Greek version; the Arabic, Armenian, and Ethiopic Psalters have different titles, and place them in a different order of sequence. We conclude then that, as neither the Church, nor a Catholic tradition have defined the authenticity of these titles, we are at liberty to reject some of them, when compelled thereto by the principles of a sound and reasonable criticism, or so to interpret them as to bring them into harmony with the indications historical or other of the Psalms to which they are prefixed.

*Euthanasia.*¹

THE materialism of the day seems to find a pleasure, altogether incomprehensible to folk of ordinary common sense, in proclaiming the self-evident truth that the surgeon's knife has never yet discovered a human soul. But the truth, which of necessity his knife has failed to reveal, the surgeon's lips have been often the readiest to confess.

This remark is elicited by the perusal of the little book whose title we have placed at the foot of the page. Not that its learned author deals *ex professo*, or indeed even incidentally, with truths which lie outside the sphere of his profession, but he has gathered together certain conclusions, based on observed phenomena, arrived at both by himself and others of equal and greater authority in the medical profession, which we intend to employ for the purpose of confirming those truths which are so often, but with so little apparent effect, enforced by the preacher, when, in the course of his duty, he finds it necessary to deal with the subject of death. Never, perhaps, may the pastor with greater justice liken himself to "the voice of one crying in the wilderness" than when addressing his flock on this unpalatable theme of death; and this, especially, because there seems to be present in the minds of his hearers a half-latent conviction, not precisely that the preacher, in this particular matter, regards the end as justifying the means, but that he lets his zeal run away with him, generalizes too freely from isolated instances, and is so properly anxious to drive his words home, that he is tempted to deem it but a small fault to season his remarks with a plentiful supply of hyperbole and exaggeration.

The truths to which we refer may be brought together under three heads, namely : the folly of putting off repentance until the hour of death (*a*) because of the extreme bodily weakness

¹ *Euthanasia; or, Medical Treatment in aid of an easy death.* By William Munk, M.D., F.S.A., Fellow and late Censor of the Royal College of Physicians, &c. &c. London : Longmans and Co., 1887.

which at that crisis may overtake us, a weakness often rendering every effort, whether of memory, intelligence, or will, impossible; (*b*) because of the danger of delusion into which we may then fall as to our real state before God; and (*c*) because of the overwhelming improbability of the lesser force of the good influences which may then be brought to bear upon us, proving sufficiently powerful to neutralize the indefinitely greater force of the evil influences of a lifetime.

It would seem that the two last-named of these alleged truths depend upon, or at least may depend upon, the first, since it is obvious that extreme bodily weakness, *i.e.*, a physical state of which the mind has only partial cognizance, and over which, consequently, the will has but a partial controlling power, may be the source both of delusion and incapacity to respond to new impressions. Hence, the proofs we shall now proceed to set forth from Dr. Munk's little work will be, for the most part, of a composite character; for while each will, in the main, point to one of our three alleged truths, it will be found to throw considerable light on the other two also.

The common belief that the act of dying is one of severe bodily suffering is due probably, in part, to theoretical views of the nature of the event itself. . . . Doubtless it is due also, in no small degree, to confounding the actual stage of dying with those urgent symptoms of disease that precede and lead up to it, and which are often as severe, or more so, in those who are to recover, as in those who are to die. As a rule, to which there are, doubtless, exceptions, the urgent symptoms of disease subside when the art of dying really begins. "A pause in nature," says Sir Henry Halford, "as it were, seems to take place; the disease has done its worst, all strong action has ceased, the frame is fatigued by its efforts to sustain itself, and a general tranquillity pervades the whole system." (p. 20.)

Again :

A torpor seems indeed to steal softly over the whole being as death approaches, and the earnestness to live abates as the possession of life, from whatever cause, is gradually withdrawn. Sir Henry Halford¹ tells us that of the great number to whom he had administered in the last hours of their lives, he had felt surprised that so few had appeared reluctant to go to "the undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns." (p. 24.)

¹ "Sir Henry Halford was confessedly a master in all that concerns the management of the dying." (Preface.)

"Sir Henry Halford (had) opportunities of observation, such as have fallen to the lot of few physicians." (p. 9.)

Yet again :

"No one," writes Mr. Savory, "who has often stood at the bedside of the dying, can have failed to be struck by the fact of the comparative or complete absence of dismay as death draws near. . . . The mind is calm and collected, the thoughts serene ; there is no quailing, no giving way." (p. 24.)

Once more :

Sir Benjamin Brodie says : "I have myself never known but two instances in which, in the act of dying, there were manifest indications of the fear of death." (p. 25.)

These extracts speak for themselves. They go far towards proving two, at least, of our alleged truths, (*a*) the utter collapse of the physical powers, in the great majority of cases, at the hour of death, and, (*b*) as a consequence, wholly or at least partially, the delusion, begotten by such collapse; for assuming that the experience of our limited authorities covers specimens, at least, of all sorts and conditions of men, an assumption surely not unfounded ; and following to its farthest limits the charity which "hopeth all things," can we fail to be convinced that a "calm and collected" mind, a "comparative or complete absence of dismay" at the immediate approach of death, the abating of the "earnestness to live," the absence of reluctance to die, the presence "of a general tranquillity pervading the whole system," the absence of "quailing" or "giving way," the presence in "two instances" only out of a large practice, covering many years,¹ of "manifest indications of fear of death," are so many all but infallible tokens, in the case of some, at least, of a mistaken estimate of their position before God, and an unjustified and unjustifiable assurance concerning their future ? Do not the Prophet's words rise unbidden to our lips, "Peace, peace, where there is no peace" ?

When a youngster on board one of H.M. ships in Portsmouth Harbour, he (Admiral Beaufort) fell into the water, and, being unable to swim, was soon exhausted by his struggles, and, before relief reached him, he had sunk below the surface. All hope had fled, all exertion ceased, and he felt that he was drowning. "From the moment that all exertion had ceased," writes the Admiral, "a calm feeling of the most perfect tranquillity superseded the previous tumultuous sensations ; it might be called apathy, certainly not resignation, for drowning no longer appeared to be an evil. I no longer thought of being rescued, nor was

¹ "Sir Benjamin Brodie's experience of death from surgical disease was second to none." (p. 9.)

I in any bodily pain. On the contrary, my sensations were now of rather a pleasurable cast, partaking of that dull but contented sort of feeling that precedes the sleep produced by fatigue." (p. 13.)

Here again we seem to have another example of the same incapacity to realize the true meaning of death, and the same readiness to meet his advancing embraces. The "tumultuous sensations" would appear, judging from the sequel, to be due simply to the physical struggle for life, since the subsequent "apathy" and the "pleasurable sensations" are, surely, scarcely compatible with a mind ill at ease, or with a conviction that death is a crisis to be prepared for, a doom to be contemplated, with much "fear and trembling."

The Admiral continues :

"Though the senses were thus deadened, not so the mind; its activity seemed to be invigorated in a ratio which defies all description, for thought rose after thought with a rapidity of succession that is not only indescribable, but probably inconceivable by any one who has not himself been in a similar situation. The course of these thoughts I can, even now, in a great measure retrace—the event which had just taken place, . . . the effect it would have on a most affectionate father, and a thousand other circumstances minutely associated with home, were the first series of reflections that occurred." (p. 13.)

We quote these words to show that the "pleasurable sensations," the "apathy," and the "contented sort of feeling," coexisted with the *full consciousness* of the immediate approach of death; for we are distinctly told both that "all hope had fled," and that there was "no longer any thought of being rescued."

Is the union, in this life, between soul and body so intimate, that the mind is incapable of conceiving sentiments of regret, sorrow, or fear except through the medium of bodily sensations? From the testimony thus far set forth, it would certainly seem so.

We have dealt so far explicitly, but not exclusively, with two out of three of our alleged truths. The third, viz., the probable failure of foreign influences brought to bear upon a person at the hour of death, we shall, in part, deduce as a corollary from the establishment of our two former assertions, and, in part, from a few further remarks now to be quoted from Dr. Munk's work. Speaking of the delirium which, in many cases, is the immediate forerunner of death, our author says :

In some the mind is occupied on the events of childhood and early life, but when the delirium is somewhat more active, the conceptions of the dying man are generally derived from subjects which, either in his speculative pursuits or in the business of life, have principally occupied his thoughts. Lord Tenterden, as he approached his end, . . . was heard to say in a slow and solemn voice, as when he used to conclude his summing up in cases of great importance, "And now, gentlemen of the jury, you will consider of your verdict." These were his last words; when he had uttered them, his head sunk down, and in a few minutes he expired without a groan. And the last words of Dr. Armstrong were addressed to an imaginary patient, upon whom he was impressing the necessity of attention to the state of the digestive organs. (p. 34.)

Again :

Of those who retain consciousness and intellect, the majority die thinking and acting in accordance with the influences that have been exerted upon them in previous life by education and example, and those which may be then brought to bear upon them towards and at its close. (p. 32.)

By comparing these two passages in the light of the evidence already set forth, it becomes obvious that by "the influences brought to bear upon them (the dying) towards and at its close" (*i.e.* of life), the author must be speaking of influences more or less in harmony with, and not of those in violent opposition to, "the influence exerted upon them in previous life by education and example." For having regard to the extreme bodily weakness and equally extreme self-satisfaction which, in the vast majority of cases, we have seen to characterize the last hours of the dying, may we not, putting aside any *special* intervention of Heaven, fairly doubt the efficacy of an influence brought to bear, for the first time since childhood, it may be, upon the firmly established opposing influences of a lifetime? Unless there be valid reason for believing that Heaven is on the side of David, will not the spoil fall to Goliath?

In other words, is a man who, from sheer exhaustion of all his physical forces, is incapable of *realizing* the immediate approach of death, likely to be in a condition for employing those same forces against themselves? For, if we would but consider the matter with the attention it assuredly deserves, we shall see that this, and nothing less, is the task required of him.

Those physical forces are what they are in virtue of the influences, good, bad, and indifferent, to which they have been

subjected, and by which they have been modified, during the lifetime of their subject. We are supposing a case in which those influences, for the most part, have been evil. Hence, the forces modified by those influences will have received a bias in the direction of evil, and, under ordinary circumstances, will require years of firm, unremitting, patient discipline, as a condition to regaining their pristine healthy state; as a condition to calling light, light, and darkness, darkness; to putting sweet for sweet and bitter for bitter. However, be all this as it may, the positive evidence already set forth in these pages is beyond cavil, and cannot be gainsaid, even by the sceptical and the scoffer.

We are not writing a treatise on the immortality of the soul. That truth rests on foundations firmer than the fleeting phenomena of the death-bed. But lest the materialist should be led to boast that the evidence we have adduced tells, or even seems to tell, in favour of his, we had almost said doctrine, we should rather say, bestial abortion of doctrine, that death is but a sleep from which there is no awaking, we have thought it well not altogether to pass the objection by, futile though it be. Though, for argument's sake, we grant that the phenomena of the death-bed, taken by themselves, may be powerless to prove, they certainly cannot be made to disprove, the truth of the soul's immortality. Nay, as we hope to show, they serve marvellously to confirm that fundamental truth.

And, in the first place, we would draw attention to the wonderfully increased activity of the intellect which in some cases, at least, our evidence goes to prove takes place towards the close of life; an activity which, it would appear, waxes keener in proportion as the activities of the bodily functions wane. We say *activity*, not *comprehension*, using that word in its philosophical signification, since the mind appears to employ its faculties only on the material already furnished in virtue of past acts of the sensuous faculties, those faculties being, it would seem, during the last hours of life, incapable of transmitting *new* impressions for mental analysis and judgment.

In further confirmation of this assertion, the following passages, taken from our author, speak for themselves:

We have all observed [writes Sir Henry Halford] the mind clear up in an extraordinary manner, in the last hours of life, when terminated

even in the ordinary course of nature. . . . We have seen it capable of exercising a subtle judgment, &c. (p. 35.)

A young gentleman, about twenty-five years of age, took cold whilst under the influence of mercury. The disease increased daily, until it was accompanied, at last, by so much fever and delirium as made it necessary to use, not only the most powerful medicines, but also personal restraint. At length, after three days of incessant exertion, during which he never slept for an instant, he ceased to rave, and was calm and collected. His perception of external objects became correct, they no longer distressed him, and he asked pressingly if it were possible he could live. On being answered that it was probable he might not, he dictated some communications to his friends abroad, recollecting some claims upon his purse, "set his house in order," and died the following night. This case occurred in the practice of Sir Henry Halford. (p. 37.)

A young gentleman became seriously ill with fever. . . . On the eleventh day of his disease, I was informed by my colleague, when we met, and by the attendants, that he was become quite calm, and seemed much better. It was remarked . . . that he had said repeatedly he should die; that . . . he had talked with great composure of his affairs; that he had mentioned several debts which he had contracted, and made provision for their payment, that he had dictated messages to his mother, . . . and had talked much of a sister who had died the year before, and whom he said he knew he was about to follow immediately. . . . He died that night. (p. 39.)

Some time before his [Dr. Wollaston's] life was finally extinguished, he was seen to be pale, as if there was scarcely any circulation of blood going on—motionless, and to all appearance in a state of complete insensibility. Being in this condition, his friends, who were watching round him, observed some motion of the hand which was not affected by the paralysis. After some time, it occurred to them that he wished to have a pencil and paper, and these having been supplied, he continued to write some figures in arithmetical progression, which . . . were sufficiently legible. . . . Something like this occurred immediately before he died. (p. 46.)

Sir Benjamin Brodie says (and I may add, my own experience confirms Sir Benjamin Brodie's statement) that where an ordinary observer would not for an instant doubt that the individual is in a state of complete torpor, the mind is active even at the very moment of death. (p. 47.)

Evidence of this kind might be multiplied indefinitely; but it would be both interesting and profitable to learn what those who have been snatched from the very jaws of death think about the "eternal sleep" of the bestial school of philosophy. Happily, our author's pages contain two examples most apt for our purpose; examples which tell us not only the thoughts of

those who have caught glimpses of the everlasting day beyond this vanishing veil of night, but also, and especially, the power of those thoughts interpreted in "the loveliness of perfect deeds." We give them without further comment, only calling attention, by the way, to the evidence they also furnish towards proving the fact we were last discussing :

A sailor, who had been snatched from the waves, after lying for some time insensible on the deck of the vessel . . . complained bitterly (on his recovery) of being restored to life as a great hardship. The man had been regarded as a worthless fellow ; but from the time of the accident having occurred, his moral character was altered, and he became one of the best-conducted sailors in the ship. (p. 16.)

I was once told by a near relative of mine [says De Quincey], that having in her childhood fallen into a river, and being on the very verge of death, but for the assistance which reached her at the last critical moment, she saw in a moment her whole life, clothed in its forgotten incidents, arrayed before her, as in a mirror, not successively, but simultaneously. . . . The heroine of this remarkable case was a girl about nine years old. . . . Not less than ninety years did she survive this memorable escape. . . . (She) revered truth not less than did the Evangelists, and led a life of saintly devotion, such as might have glorified Hilarion or Paul.

But what say our authorities ? Do they regard their own experience as even tending to prove the materialistic thesis ? After all, their dealings are with fact ; the materialist's with theory. He sees "but through a glass in a dark manner ;" they, "face to face." Hence, if we find them not only upholding the truth, but strenuously and even anxiously maintaining it ; and this, not of set purpose, but incidentally and indirectly, what becomes of the conclusion drawn by the materialists from what they have seen with their own eyes and heard with their own ears ?

A suggestion of his (the dying man's) danger . . . naturally induces a contemplation of his more important spiritual concerns [*i.e.*, more important than his temporal concerns], a careful review of his past life, and such sincere sorrow and contrition for what he has done amiss as justifies our humble hope of his pardon and acceptance hereafter. . . . Surely it is lamentable to think that any human being should leave the world unprepared to meet his Creator and Judge. (p. 29.)

It happens not unfrequently [writes Dr. Symonds, in his admirable essay on death¹] that the spectra of the dying owe their origin to contemplations of future existence ; and, consequently, that the good

¹ *Cyclopaedia of Anatomy and Physiology.*

man's last hours are cheered with beatific visions and communion with heavenly visitors. The testimony of many of those who have the largest experience, and have watched continuously and attentively at the dying bed, is in support of Mr. Symonds' statement. (p. 43.)

"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." With this not uncharitable admonition we take our leave of the materialist, the most monstrous abortion of all that is good, great, and godlike in human nature, which even Time, that cruel mother of a thousand shrieking spectres, can ever bring forth—

. . . A monster then, a dream,
A discord. Dragons of the prime,
That tare each other in their slime,
Were mellow music matched with him.

But to return to our main thesis. We speak with all diffidence and much hesitation, on a problem by no means easy of final solution, but it would seem that even the appeal to the intervention of the supernatural, fails to afford any refuge which would not involve the miraculous. For, given a combination of natural causes, such as we appear to have in the cases under consideration, viz., prostration of body and contentment of mind, causes, it would seem, when combined, of inability on the part of their subject to respond to *new* impressions; their effects must follow, by what is called the law of hypothetical necessity, *i.e.*, unless the Supreme First Cause should be pleased to intervene, and so suspend the action of those natural laws, according to which secondary causes produce their effect. But such an intervention would be *præter naturam*, and therefore in the larger, but quite legitimate use of the word, a miracle.

Of course, for aught we know, such extraordinary interventions of the Supreme First Cause may be of more frequent occurrence than, certainly, we have any right or reason to hope; but it would clearly be the height of imprudence to establish our everlasting home upon what, after all, may prove a foundation of sand.

Enough, we think, has now been said by way of justification of what, with all due respect, we may call the stereotyped sermon on death. It has, we trust, been made clear that the preacher stands upon firmer ground than his own praiseworthy, but misguided zeal. His position, as the physician of the soul, has been confirmed by the experience of the physician of the

body. This is as it should be. Truth, to use a phrase, hackneyed forsooth, but in these frivolous days little understood, is one and cannot contradict herself. She can never show herself other than she is ; although she may indeed veil the light of her countenance from all save those who follow after her with as much humility as diligence. But to such, her path "is as a shining light which shineth more and more even unto the perfect day."

He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden-roses.

He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Through the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward and prevailed,
Shall find the toppling crags of duty scaled,
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun ;

whose rays may, perchance, pierce and dispel even the gloom of mystery which enfolds those awful words of the Everlasting Truth, "Be ye ready, for *in such an hour as you think not*, the Son of Man will come."

FRED. E. AKEHURST.

Clement the Eleventh.

PART IV.—CONCLUSION.

WERE a collection made of Papal letters of the present or the last Pontificate, a large number would be found addressed to members of the English-speaking races. Few letters were written to such an address by Clement the Eleventh. England to him was a wilderness, a realm of outer darkness, which he saw no chance of enlightening or reclaiming, except by the restoration of the Stuarts. The volume of Clement's works contains not one Brief directed to any of the English Vicars Apostolic. There is, however, a Brief to all the faithful of the Three Kingdoms, under date of August 17, 1709.

The greatness of Our fatherly affection for you, and of the pastoral zeal wherewith We burn at heart for your spiritual welfare, We wish to be made particularly apparent to you by the great care that We take to ensure the purity of Catholic faith abiding in your hearts; as you have hitherto kept it unspotted, following the example of your ancestors, in the heat of tribulation and persecution, to the great glory of your name, and greater increase of your merit with God, that so the good odour of Christ may be wafted from you more and more all over the Church to the edification of the faithful. But because for the keeping in your minds of the word of truth, and the preservation of the lustre of faith, it is very important to close all access to the various and strange doctrines of which this age is notoriously too prolific, We have thought it Our duty to warn you to beware of those tares of new opinions, which the enemy ceases not secretly to sow in the Lord's field. Some time ago We were admonished of this grave danger, and justly alarmed lest right-minded Catholics might be deceived by these artful and crafty snares. Wherefore at a recent date We published Our Constitution, beginning *Vineam Domini Sabaoth*, in which We exposed the errors of which the said opinions are full, and laid down for the faithful a rule of thinking on these questions, a rule certain, absolute, and conformable to the judgment of the Holy Roman Church, and Our own, and that of the Apostolic See. By the guidance of this rule it will be easy for you, with God's help, to avoid the stumbling-blocks everywhere set by the innovators, and never to fall upon them, especially if you abstain

from studying and reading the books that are known to have been forbidden to the faithful by Us and Our predecessors, as being infected with the taint of that evil doctrine, or anyhow suspected of error. It will moreover conduce to your salvation, to take good care, especially as regards the guidance of your consciences, to have nothing to do with persons who, by the earnest support they lend to writings of this class, show clearly what little regard they have for Our judgment, and consequently for the Pontifical authority. It is indeed matter of grief to Us, that in the countries bordering on your realms there are not wanting men who, though they bear the Catholic name, and are enrolled in the clerical service, and even aim at being regarded as professors of morality, stricter than the common, nevertheless shrink not from openly assailing the authority of the Chair of Peter, refuse it due obedience, and meanwhile seek protection for their contumaciousness among laymen and magistrates who are not Catholics.

The claimant to the crown of England whom Pope Clement recognized in the days of Queen Anne was James the Third. That does not, however, imply that the Pope would have refused the royal title to Anne. As I have before shown, he recognized both the rival Kings of Spain. But, naturally enough, his sympathies were with the Stuart cause, especially when, after the death of Anne, it came to be a question between James the Third and the Elector George of Hanover. It was in spite of the protest of Clement the Eleventh that the Duke of Hanover had attained even the Electoral dignity. The protest is contained in a Brief of February 12, 1707, to the Archbishop Elector of Mayence, which declares the admission of the Duke into the Electoral College a proceeding null by law, and furthermore authoritatively annuls it, and commands the Archbishop, as Chancellor of the Empire, to publish this declaration in the Diet, and lay it up in the archives. The first Protestant admitted Elector of the Holy Roman Empire, was the Elector Palatine at the Treaty of Westphalia; his admission was similarly protested against by Innocent the Tenth. No doubt the Electoral hat was less becoming on a Protestant brow in an Empire that was by its origin and essence eminently Catholic and Roman, than was the crown of a Protestant kingdom. But Clement could not forget the events of his own lifetime, and the dawn of hope for the conversion of England that had appeared when the last Stuart King was on the throne. The Hanoverian succession was eminently the *Protestant succession*, and was taken by all men at the time to mean the maintenance of Protestantism in England.

We have two Italian letters of the Pope, in the famous 1715, dated December 10th, one to Mary of Modena, widow of James the Second, the other to Philip the Fifth of Spain. He writes to Mary of Modena : "We have not failed to pray God with all the earnestness of Our soul, to deign to bless and prosper an enterprise [the rising of 1715], the happy issue of which may be so much to His glory and to the advantage of our holy religion." He begs the King of Spain in regard of certain moneys, which he owed to the Holy See, to pay them to the account of His Britannic Majesty, James the Third, in aid of "the justice of his cause." After the failure of the rising, he welcomed the unsuccessful monarch to the States of the Church, and sent his nephew, Charles Albani, to attend upon him, February 25, 1717. Clement certainly showed himself in his political acts, and was in his own private heart, a thorough believer in the right of the Stuarts. Thus he wrote to the Duke of Perth, tutor of James the Third, August 10, 1706 : "We cannot sufficiently praise the piety, prudence, and skill, which you have constantly displayed, that, so far as in you lay, he might turn out such a prince as it is fitting that he should be, and such as sure and indubitable rights constitute him, that is to say, the high and mighty King of ample dominions and of many peoples." And to James the Second he wrote, March 20, 1701 : "We doubt not that the Duke [of Berwick] will lay before you at length the greatness of Our love towards you, and how rooted in Our fatherly heart is the thought and desire of your final restoration to your former splendour and dignity; wherefore We would have you fully persuaded that no human thing which We enjoy by the mercy of God, not even life itself, is so prized by Us, as that We would not promptly and gladly lay it down to redeem your losses, were opportunity given." Announcing to the Cardinals on October 3, 1701, the death of James the Second, he speaks of him as "truly a Catholic, truly a son of the Church, truly the Defender of the Faith;" and of his "heroic contempt of all human things for religion's sake, to which the excellent King hesitated not to postpone country, wealth, kingdom, and life itself." He gives high praise to Louis the Fourteenth for "laying aside all consideration of private interest, and recognizing at so difficult a crisis"—the war of the Spanish Succession was just imminent—"his surviving son as the true heir of the British kingdom." There was no better Jacobite than Clement the Eleventh.

With the Catholic Electors of the Holy Roman Empire the Pope had much correspondence. Especially he took a singular interest in the Elector of Cologne. Joseph Clement of Bavaria became Elector and Archbishop Elect of Cologne in 1688, at the age of seventeen. A dispensation was given him by the Holy See, when the time came for him to take Holy Orders, to delay the reception of them, as there seemed some chance of his accession to the Dukedom of Bavaria. In 1705, this occupant of the sees of Cologne and Liège, and some time of Ratisbon, was not yet in deacon's orders. He had shown a disposition even actually to take the field in person on the French side in the struggle between Louis the Fourteenth and the Emperor. The Pope pointed out to him, June 9, 1703, how indecorous it was for "a prince endowed with such high ecclesiastical dignities, and destined for the sacred ministry, to mingle in the cares of war." On February 10, 1705, he wrote again to "Our beloved son, the noble man, the Elect of Cologne," telling him that it was high time he took the Orders proper to his charge, and began saying Mass for his people. "Come then, beloved son, fulfil thy ministry, and be forward to obey God exhorting you through Us, that you may pour out more abundantly over your whole flock the graces of the Divine Spirit received by the holy imposition of hands, and give great joy to Us, who are earnestly concerned for your good."

From the Pope's next letter, December 7, 1705, we gather that Joseph Clement had listened to his voice, and made up his mind, as the letter says, "to ascend by ecclesiastical Orders to that crowning dignity, which the charge entrusted to you requires." Unfortunately the Elector of Cologne, with his brother the Elector of Bavaria, had joined in the great war, and that on the losing side, against the victorious hand of Marlborough and Eugene. The victories of Blenheim and Ramillies bore to the earth all the partisans of France in Germany. In April, 1706, the Emperor Joseph the First, with the consent of the rest of the Electoral College, placed the two Electors of Bavaria and Cologne under the ban of the Empire. They were driven from their States, and not reinstated till the Treaty of Utrecht in 1714. Joseph Clement took refuge in France. There he was ordained priest on Christmas Day, 1706, and said his first Mass and gave Holy Communion to his brother of Bavaria on the 1st of January following; on which auspicious events the Pope congratulates him, February

12, 1707. The next letter, the 7th of May, same year, is to "Venerable Brother Joseph Clement, Archbishop of Cologne," sending him the *pallium* and a relic of the true Cross, with words of kindness and good counsel. This was before the notification of his consecration reached Rome. He was consecrated at Lille by the prelate of his own choice, the illustrious Archbishop of Cambray, Fénélon. When the event was duly notified to him, the Pope wrote two Briefs, one to the newly-consecrated prelate, the other to his consecrator, under date of July 16, 1707.

To Our Venerable Brother Francis, Archbishop of Cambray.

Your Fraternity has filled Our heart with immense joy by setting before Our eyes the celebrity of that day on which Venerable Brother Joseph Clement, Archbishop of Cologne, Prince Elector of the Holy Roman Empire, received the gift of consecration at your hands in the city of Lille. And though We readily understand that the public joy on that occasion was largely increased, as well by the active part taken in it by so many bishops, as also by the crowd of ecclesiastics, and the concourse of many of the faithful from all quarters, added to the presence of Our Beloved Son, the noble man, the Duke and Elector of Bavaria, still We look upon it as the chief ornament of the whole solemnity, that the said Archbishop went through the rites of that sacred action with so much attention and devotion as to give great edification to all who were present by his singular piety. For since We bear him a special good-will on account of the glories and good deeds of the illustrious stock to which he belongs, We think We are somewhat concerned in his winning to himself solid and enduring praise by his diligent attention to sacred things, and zeal in ecclesiastical offices, as becomes his place. It is with great pleasure accordingly that We have heard of his having entered on this way with alacrity, and that with no less alacrity after the reception of the pontifical office he still walks in the same, and of his having taken up those pursuits which best become him, and put away the things which the world idly and not without danger pursues; so that there is good ground for hope that, when tranquillity once more returns, he may benefit those over whom God has wished him to rule.

And to the Archbishop of Cologne himself:

The very great joy that We felt at hearing that your Fraternity had received the gift of consecration with great solemnity and with still greater display of piety and devotion, was crowned by the witness of Venerable Brother, the Archbishop of Cambray, telling Us that since the attainment of that dignity you have renounced all things that you have understood to be less compatible with your office, and at present

apply yourself to those things only which may render you a worthy minister of the holy altar, and a useful and provident pastor of your spiritual flock. In which proceeding you show excellently well that you have fixed in your heart the Apostolic admonition : " No man being a soldier to God, entangleth himself with secular business, that he may please Him to whom he hath engaged himself." Go on then with alacrity in this way, which you have entered upon under the inspiration of light from above ; and have a sure confidence that God will be favourable to you and to your cause, and will render to you, according to the oracle of the Prophet, " a garment of praise for the spirit of grief."

We must remember that at this time Joseph Clement was an exile and a fugitive from his Electoral States, and so far as an Imperial sentence could deprive him, no longer Elector, nor therefore Archbishop of Cologne. His consecration therefore to that see was a nullification of the ban of the Empire, which had been pronounced against him the previous year. The Emperor followed up his stroke by actually requiring the Chapter of Cologne, and that of Liège, to remove the Vicar-General, whom the Archbishop-Elector kept to represent him in spiritualities, in each of those cities, and to choose instead one of their own body as Vicar-General, subject to the confirmation of the Imperial Administrator, who had been placed at Cologne and at Liège in charge of the temporal government. The Pope wrote to both Chapters, July 17, 1708, against this encroachment of the secular power.

When We heard We stood rooted to the ground in amazement at the novelty of a demand so unexpected and unheard of, We wondered that We had had no notice from you of this grave event ; that no request had come for Our interposition, as the importance of the matter seemed to require, seeing that it was not only injurious to the rights of the Elector, the lawfully chosen Pastor of your Church, but also to those of this Holy See, which had confirmed his election, dignity, and power, by apostolic authority. . . . You know well that you have no right to appoint a new Vicar, or Official, since there is no question at present of a widowed Church ; nor is there alleged any cause, duly recognized by the sacred canons in an ecclesiastical court, why the penalty of suspension or deprivation should be put in force against the lawful Pastor, and he be made to cease from the exercise of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction that lawfully belongs to him. Certainly, if there were any presumption of a legitimate cause existing, capable of being alleged, We, to whom alone it belongs to weigh it, would not shrink from taking up the investigation, and giving sentence according to the prescription of the ecclesiastical laws, as We have openly declared to the Imperial Administrators.

He goes on to point out the invalidity of confessions, marriages, and parochial appointments, taking place under an intruded Vicar-General. As we hear no more about the matter, we may trust that no new Vicar was set up at Cologne, nor at Liège. Nor was any suit in the ecclesiastical court commenced by the Emperor to procure the deprivation of the Archbishop.

The Church of Cologne was clearly not *de jure* widowed. But it was widowed *de facto* by the Elector's exile, and for this fact the Pope had already provided, writing to Joseph Clement, May 5, 1708 :

We should think that We might rest with no small confidence on the approved zeal and vigilance of your Fraternity for the spiritual good of the souls committed to your charge, were you able to be present to guide them, and to foster them in person. But since the circumstances of the times compel you to remain long at a distance, We must certainly be solicitous that no danger meanwhile may threaten the sheep thus deprived of the presence and protection of their Pastor. Wherefore, urged not so much by the stimulus of charity as by the duty of Our office, We think it a worthy endeavour to take diligent care that Divine worship, the discipline of the clergy, the standard of morals, the pursuits of piety and religion, in the churches committed to you, take no harm from your protracted absence. We commit therefore, as We think expedient in the Lord, the office of visiting the churches and dioceses over which you preside, to Venerable Brother John Baptist, Archbishop of Tarsus, Our Nuncio in the region of the Rhine, trusting that he will be sedulous in the accomplishment of that duty, and in promoting with all zeal the observance of the sacred canons and apostolic constitutions, and will take care to restore and adjust to the standard of ecclesiastical law whatever he finds fallen to decay, as may happen by the ravages of time or the negligence of men. Meanwhile We doubt not that you take it very kindly that in Our solicitude for all the Churches, We take this salutary method of providing for the safety of your flock. In Our singular good-will towards you, which your special affection for Us has deserved, We give you notice of this step that We have taken, promising Ourselves that you will make it your endeavour that your administrators shall aid in all things Our said Nuncio, to the end that by God's mercy he may accomplish what under the Divine invocation he is commencing in Our name. Meanwhile We wish your Fraternity all prosperity, and lovingly impart to you the Apostolic Benediction.

The Elector returned to Cologne and was re-established in his States in 1714. We have a Brief of September 1st of that year, praising him on the steps that he had taken upon his

return, to establish an ecclesiastical seminary in each of his several dioceses. Another Brief of August 19, 1719, commends the Pastoral Letter which he had written to his flock on the observance of the Constitutions *Unigenitus* and *Pastoralis Officii*, and on keeping aloof from Jansenists. On August 6th of that year he receives a reprobation from the Pope for conniving at some bartering away of their privileges on the part of the Liège clergy to the nobles and burghers.

We paternally exhort and earnestly require you so to defend the rights and privileges of the said clergy in future, that none may be able to complain that the violation of those privileges began while you were governing the Church of Liège.

Joseph Clement of Bavaria, Elector and Archbishop of Cologne, died in 1723, two years after the death of the Pontiff his namesake, to whom he had ever been united by a tie of singular affection.

Lothaire Francis von Schoenborn, Elector and Archbishop of Mayence, was free from the French partialities of his brother of Cologne, and had a better time of it on earth in consequence. We have many Briefs addressed to him, as to one upon whom the Holy See could rely. We have, however, one objurgatory Brief addressed to him, September 1, 1711, for not paying due honour to Hannibal Albani, the Pope's nephew, and Nuncio at the Diet of Frankfort, which elected the Emperor Charles the Sixth. The Pope declares that it is only because the Nuncio is his nephew, and not his Nuncio merely, that he has not already taken stronger measures to avenge the dishonour done to his representative. This letter no doubt brought the Elector to his duty. All subsequent relations of the Holy See with him are entirely cordial.

On December 23rd of that year, 1711, the Pope created the said nephew a Cardinal. In the Consistory, held on the occasion, he thus spoke :

Being much terrified by the words of the Constitution of Innocent the Twelfth, of happy memory, Our predecessor, which prescribes the method to be observed in the promotion of nephews and other relations of the Roman Pontiffs to the Cardinalate, and clearly intimates that no others are to be assumed to this sublime dignity than such as are recommended by extraordinary merit, We feel justly alarmed lest in making this judgment We should seem to be yielding too much to flesh and blood, and to be forgetting the oath whereby We bound Ourselves at the commencement of Our Pontificate. Therefore We

supplicate the Heavenly Father of lights, that if what We have in mind to do be in any way at variance with the said Constitution which We have promised unwaveringly to observe to our last breath, which promise We now renew to God and to men—or again if it be destined to turn to the prejudice of Our nephew's own soul—in that case may the Lord Almighty make my tongue cleave to my jaws, that We may not be able to utter the decree which is to be published in this matter.

On May 29, 1719, he created the Cardinal-nephew Camerlengo, or Chamberlain, of Holy Roman Church, but with an express provision that the Cardinal was to do all the work of his new office without touching a penny of the emoluments in any shape whatsoever. Clement the Eleventh had no mind to enrich his relations with the fruits of his Papacy. Accordingly, when he was dying, he told his nephew that he felt no remorse of conscience on his account.

The last letters of Clement the Eleventh that I shall quote are two addressed to Gaspar Ignatius, Bishop of Brixen, a prelate who for years kept importuning His Holiness to relieve him of the episcopal charge. In encouraging him to remain at his post, the Pope writes as one encouraging also himself, and reveals the experiences of a long pontificate. The first letter bears date January 8, 1714.

We have read through attentively your Fraternity's letter, setting forth at length the design which you have taken of laying down the burden of the episcopal ministry. In the first place, We commend greatly in the Lord, as proceeding from zeal for God's honour, the bitter grief of soul that you feel at the corrupt morals of the flock entrusted to you. It is no obscure indication of your pastoral solicitude, that you groan over the sins of peoples, that you grieve at the listlessness of rulers, that you are on fire at the scandals which you see everywhere. We cannot, however, on that account at all approve of your design. The Apostle cries out against it, saying that all should abide in the calling wherein they are called. That you came to the Episcopate at the call of God, against your own will, you yourself acknowledge in your letter, and We are well aware of it. If you lay down the burden, see whether you be not thought, not so much to have laid it down, as to have flung it away, seeking rest for yourself; and not so much to have consulted the good of your Church, as to have betrayed your trust, and abandoned the post assigned to you by Divine Providence. This especially, since the motives which you yourself allege for your resolution, should rather impel you not to retire, but to remain in the charge of your Church, in which you have been placed by God. What though many obstacles are thrown in the way of the proper discharge of episcopal duty? What though clergy

and people refuse to receive discipline? What though vices are heaped on vices, and scandals on scandals? What though, in the scourges of Heaven, that encompass your diocese, human weakness is worn down, but iniquity is not changed? What though life is spent in sighs of pain, but without amendment of works? Ought you on that account to break your heart, and like a cowardly soldier, fling away your arms in the day of war, and meditate a retirement that has the likeness of a flight, instead of resisting bravely, standing your ground, and with priestly strength and constancy reproving, entreating, rebuking, as the Apostle advises, in all patience and doctrine? Consider this too, Venerable Brother, that any steersman can steer the ship prosperously while the sea is calm; but with the waves raging and the wind against you so to hold the rudder as to keep your course and reach the harbour, is a display of true and tried merit. But if in the fulfilment of the duty of your charge you seem to make little way, or not to be so serviceable as you would wish to the flock entrusted to you, conceive not any long sadness on that account, nor omit what it becomes you to do. The Prince of pastors looks for care at your hands, not for cure: do you then that which is yours to do, for God will take care of that which is His without your solicitude or anxiety. Plant, water, take care, and you have done your part: God will give the increase where He wishes. And where He may happen to deny it, nothing is lost to you, for so the Scripture says: "God will render to the just the wages of their labours." As for the second part of your letter, in which you write of your weaknesses unfitting you for your ministry, in the first place We take these words for a great proof of your virtue and justice, of which also We have a warrantable home-witness in the person of Our Beloved Son, Hannibal S. R. E. Cardinal Albani, Our nephew: "for the just is first accuser of himself." Then again, were We to yield you this point, it does not therefore follow that We should approve of your design of laying down the Episcopate. For though you be weak, God, who has called you to that office, is Almighty; in Him you ought to hope and put your trust: for He who against hope gave to Abraham a son, is able to increase your spirit and strength in labouring for your Church, and to give increase of abundant fruits to your labours. Wherefore We paternally exhort your Fraternity to be of good heart and put your trust in God, and to make sedulous and strenuous endeavours for the correction of the evil ways of the clergy and people committed to you, and the entire removal of the abuses and scandals which the unhappiness of the times has introduced, and for the restoration of the old rule of pious and holy living. If in this cause you suffer any adversity, or are hindered by the influence or malice of men, know that you should bear it all with equanimity and patience, that you may be able with the Apostle to glory "in many labours," according to which labours each man shall receive his reward, and not according to results.

It is perhaps worth having an apostolic testimony, that payment by results is not the system in Heaven. The good Bishop, however, renewed his entreaties, and got the Elector of Mayence to support his petition. The Pope referred the request to a special Commission of Cardinals and Prelates, who decided that no canonical cause existed why the Bishop should be eased of his diocese. In communicating to him this decision, March 13, 1717, Clement adds :

We also took up against Our will the harness (*sarcinam*) of apostolic service, most burdensome and full of danger as it is ; and We bear it with a sad heart in these bitter times. Think you not that in the many great cares and grave solicitudes which continually press upon Us, We are not sometimes weary of life, and think Our former state far preferable to our present ? But We have made up Our mind that We must not shake off the yoke which Divine Providence has willed Us to bear, but must bear it bravely until it pleases Him to loosen and set Us free from these bonds of the body. Be you accordingly nothing loth to follow Our example.

Yet a third letter on the same theme is dated Good Friday, 1720, with which letter he sends the Bishop a particle of the true Cross. Two days later, March 31, Clement the Eleventh must have given his Easter blessing, *Urbi et Orbi*, for the last time. He died on the feast of St. Joseph of the following year, March 19, 1721, the feast on which he had often said he should wish to die, St. Joseph being the special patron of the Albani family. The Office that is now said of St. Joseph was composed under Clement the Eleventh, and prescribed by him to the Universal Church, by a decree of March 4, 1714. Clement the Eleventh lies buried under the choir of St. Peter's. The Roman people thronged to his funeral, touching his bier with their rosaries, and carrying off relics of his temporary tomb, as that of a saint.

Clement the Eleventh was a man of majestic and princely presence, and showed to advantage in the solemn Papal functions. He was extremely conscientious : he went to confession every day. His conscientiousness and his piety are apparent in his letters, and his diligence also : he was a remarkably hard worker and jealous of his time. Still he was most accessible, and is said never to have refused an audience. He was fond of conversing with the poor. It was a saying of his, that a Sovereign should know everything, but not do everything himself. He would often visit the hospitals,

administer the sacraments to the sick, and catechize the ignorant. He used to entertain pilgrims in his palace, and wait upon them with his own hands. He built a Home or Refuge in the city for reclaiming youth from vice. He had the Roman genius for construction, and was a munificent patron of literature and of the science of his day. His *eulogium* is given in one sentence of his biographer, which I leave in the integrity of the Roman Latin: *Eluxit in eo subditorum utilitates et commoda urbisque splendorem amplificandi perpetuum studium, in excipiendis supplicum votis clementia singularis, in publicis expediendis negotiis indefessus labor, in sublevandis egentium necessitatibus inexhausta beneficentia, in Apostolicæ Sedis auctoritate et juribus propugnandis robur invictum.* I recommend any one who has access to a collection of Papal medals, to study there the countenance of Clement the Eleventh.

JOSEPH RICKABY.

The Scythe and the Sword.

A ROMANCE OF OSGOLDCROSS.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

OF OUR RIDE IN SEARCH OF ROSE.

WE rode in silence down the rough lane that leads from Bæghill to Darrington, keeping along the stretch of grass at the wayside as much as possible, so that the sound of our horses' feet might be deadened. Down the hill we went into Darrington, and past the cross-roads where two or three men still lingered at the door of the inn and watched us curiously as we sped along. All that time we had spoken no word, but both of us were full of rage and horror at the news brought to us by Belwether. I had ridden out at first half dazed at the strange tidings, comprehending nothing but that my dear love was in sore danger and that I must go to her assistance. But as my head cleared with the long gallop I began to think of what the bad news meant. Rose had been entrapped and carried away. It was a snare meant for no good. Who had done it? Who had done it? Over and over again this question came into my head as we rode forward under the starlit sky.

"Whose hand is this, Will?" asked Philip Lisle at last, just as we came in sight of the lights at Dale's Field. "I did not know that my poor girl had an enemy—nor that I had either, for that matter."

"I cannot understand it," I answered, and said no more, knowing not what to say. And yet there was a suspicion in my mind that I might have spoken of to him if I had not felt some reluctance in coming to a decision about it. I tried to put it from me, hating even to think evil without due cause, but strive as I would the suspicion grew stronger, and at last I found myself thinking of it seriously.

Captain Trevor—was it his hand that had brought us all

this wrong? Do what I would I could not help but suspect him. He had been so frank and courteous, and had seemed so gallant and true a cavalier, that it went through my heart to think wrong of him. And yet I knew the ways of some of those fine gentlemen of the Court, how they think that all is fair in love and war, and will stoop to such deceit to win a fair maiden as they would not condescend to for ought else. I knew, too, because of his own confession, that Captain Trevor had conceived a deep passion for Rose, and it seemed to me very possible that absence from her had so strengthened his feelings as to render him forgetful of honour or of ought else save a desire to win her for himself. But it was hard to believe, for I could not think that one who had experienced so much kindness at the hands of me and mine would repay us by such base ingratitude and black treachery. Where else, however, to look for an explanation of this strange matter I knew not. Of one thing only I was certain, namely, that whoever had thus compassed evil against me and my dear love should pay for it with his blood.

The lights were being extinguished as we rode into the fold at Dale's Field, for it was late, and we were always early to bed at our house. The window of the chamber occupied by Lucy and Rose was dark and cheerless, but there was a glow of light through the window of the kitchen, and we had barely knocked at the door before my mother opened it and gave us admittance.

"My dear," said she, holding me very close in her arms, for I had not seen her for some weeks, "my dear, we had not thought to see you at this time of night! It was only this afternoon that I sent you a letter by the hand of Master Belwether."

"Alas, mother!" I answered, "it is that very letter that hath brought us here."

It was nearly dark in the doorway and she could not distinguish my companion's face through the gloom, but when I spoke she turned towards him anxiously.

"Who is it that is come with you, Will?" she said.

"It is I, Mistress Dale," answered Philip.

"Master Lisle! Alas, I fear there is something wrong. Let us have a light, Will. I feared something when I heard your step at the door."

I struck a light from the flint that always hung by the

hearth, while Philip tied up our horses at the door and threw our rugs across their steaming backs. The light from the lamp fell on our three anxious faces as we gathered round the dying embers.

"What is it, Will?" asked my mother.

"It is this, dear mother. Here is Master Lisle alive and well and hath had no hurt whatever of late, so that the men who have carried off Rose to see him have deceived both her and you."

She looked from me to him and from him to me, as if she could hardly understand what I had told her.

"Alas, Master Lisle," she said, "I have been very, very foolish—but, indeed, what were we to think, for the men were so very grave and earnest, and then, again, they brought a letter from yourself, so that we could not choose but believe them."

"The letter, mother; let us see the letter."

"Why, by good chance, Rose left it behind her, though she had at first intended to carry it with her," said my mother, "and Lucy put it away after she had gone. But indeed, Master Lisle, 'tis so like your own handwriting that you will not wonder we were deceived by it."

Nor did we when we had seen the letter, for it was very cleverly made to imitate Philip's writing, so that we at once knew that whoever had hatched this foul plot was familiar with the man whose daughter it sought to injure. It was but a short letter, saying that Philip Lisle lay sick unto death at a day's journey, and desired his daughter to go to him under care of the two trusty messengers who carried it.

"And these," said my mother, "were two decent-looking serving-men, one of whom told my mother that he had known Master Lisle a many years, and was with him at the time of his hurt, which had been gotten during a fight with the rebels on the borders of Derbyshire where he now lay dying. And they were both so full of pity for Rose and made so many compassionate remarks concerning her father, that we had none of us any suspicion of them, but regarded them as being what they professed to be."

So now we knew all that my mother could tell us, and there was nothing for us to do but resolve upon some plan of action.

"They have three days' start of us," said Philip, sadly.

"And the land is wide enough for them to have gone in many a different direction before we can have news of them. However, we must to horse, Will, and do what we can to find my poor girl."

"Which way shall we go?" I asked, feeling almost hopeless, so black did matters look.

"It was nine in the morning when they started out," said my mother, "and they rode southward, going towards Sheffield, whereabouts they said, Master Lisle lay dying."

"Then towards Sheffield we must ride," said Philip, "asking for tidings of them as we go along. Pray God we may be successful!"

We did not tarry long at Dale's Field, save to eat a hasty meal and to put some food in our saddle-bags, and soon we were in the saddle again and hastening through the night along the Great North Road. The toll-keeper at Barnsdale Bar was hard and fast asleep, but we roused him at last and made inquiry of him as to the three travellers we sought. His brains were somewhat confused at first, but after awhile he remembered the three we spoke of, and told us they had gone forward without saying aught to him of their destination. Thus far we were right, and so we continued until we came near Doncaster, several toll-bar men and inn-keepers remembering Rose and the two messengers passing that way.

"We are like to spend a good deal of time without result in Doncaster," said Philip. "There are so many inns in the place, and when we have found the right one there are so many various roads to choose from. How shall we find what road they have taken after passing through here, if indeed they have not turned aside before coming to the town?"

But I thought and said that the men, whatever their design might be, would have taken Rose towards Sheffield for the reason that she knew whither they intended professedly to conduct her and would have become suspicious if they had turned their horses' heads in any other direction. And my conclusions in this matter proved correct, for we had little difficulty in finding news of them at Doncaster, where they had rested to bait their horses, afterwards resuming their journey towards Sheffield by the road that leads past Conisborough and Rotherham. Along this road, then, we continued our pursuit, inquiring at every inn and toll-bar for news, which we sometimes got and sometimes failed to procure.

Now it had been on my mind ever since leaving Dale's Field to tell Philip Lisle of my suspicions respecting Captain Trevor, and I had only been held back from doing so by fear of unjustly coupling his honest man's name with dishonourable conduct. But at last it seemed to me well to let Philip know of all that was in my mind, so when we stayed at Conisborough to breathe our horses I took him aside and unbosomed myself, asking him to tell me candidly what he thought of the matter.

"Alas, Will," said he, "I know not what to think. I know little of this Trevor, except that he hath been a brave officer and was formerly much about the Court in London. But as thou knowest, these gallants are not always to be trusted, however brave they may be in battle, and 'tis possible that he hath done this, more especially as you say he conceived some passion for Rose before he left you. Nay, I know not what to say. We can only push our journey forward."

So we went on towards Sheffield, now and then finding some one who remembered the passing of the three we sought. It was now afternoon, and our horses, which had been almost continually on the stretch since ten o'clock of the previous evening, were beginning to show signs of fatigue. We had not put them to any great amount of exertion, for we had spent much time in making inquiry at the roadside inns and toll-bars, but the day was exceedingly hot and they had had no proper rest or feed since leaving Pontefract Castle, where their rations had been none of the best for weeks past. At the next wayside inn, then, which stood half-way between Thrybergh and Rotherham we drew rein and stabled our steeds, after which we entered the house to find some food for ourselves.

We had hardly entered the kitchen of the inn when I suddenly started with surprise to see Dennis Watson seated in company with another man, who was evidently a cattle-drover, at a little table near the window. But as I knew that the Watsons did something in the way of cattle dealing in those parts, I reflected that Dennis was probably there on his own business, and went forward to another part of the kitchen, taking no more notice of him than to give him a cold nod of my head. While Philip and myself were resting and drinking, he and the drover completed their business, and the latter, having received some money from Dennis, shortly bade us all good-day and went out. Dennis continued to sit and stare at us, bestowing the greater part of his attention on Philip Lisle, and

after a time, when we gave signs of moving, he came over to the table where we sat and spoke to me.

"I would like to speak a word to you, Master Dale," said he, bending over the table with his eyes fixed on mine.

"You can speak," I said, little caring what he had to say and not desirous of having ought to do with him.

"I don't speak before strangers," said he.

"I have no secrets from my companion," replied I. "And I would just as soon there was some one heard what we have to say, Master Watson."

His face grew dark when I said that, and he stood frowning at us both for a full minute before he spoke again.

"As you like," he said at last. "I only wished to say, Master Dale, that I am sorry for you."

"And for what?" said I, sharply.

"Why, because you have lost your sweetheart."

Now it did not strike me at first that his words had any special significance, for I thought that he had heard that Rose was gone away and was simply taking occasion of the fact to sneer at me. So I said naught, but sat silent, looking, I dare say, very stupid and sullen.

"I suppose," he continued, "that you two gentlemen were in search of the young lady, and if you are 'tis a pity they have three days' start of you."

"They—who?"

"Mistress Rose and the gay gallant that your good mother nursed back to health. It had been better if she had let him die of his wound, Master Dale."

When he said this all the blood in my body rushed to my heart and thence to my head, and I felt a great singing about my ears as if I were going down in the midst of some whirlpool. And then I shouted, "Liar!" and should have leapt at Dennis and choked the sneering laugh that rose to his lips, but for Philip Lisle, who laid his hand upon me and restrained me forcibly.

"Let be, Will, let be!" said Philip. "We will soon know whether he be a liar or not. Now, sir," he continued, turning to Dennis, "I am the father of Mistress Rose Lisle, and must ask you to explain yourself further. Where is it that you have seen my daughter and in whose company?"

"Why, Master Lisle," answered Dennis, "I do not know that I am bound to explain matters to you. However, I am no

liar, as Master Dale there would make out. It would be better for him if I were."

"Go on, sir, go on," said Philip.

"Well, then, here I am in this part of the land, buying hogs as is my custom at this time o' year, as Will Dale there knows. Three days ago I was on the highroad 'twixt here and Sheffield, when I saw four travellers approach, two of whom rode in front while the other two brought up the rear. I thought I recognized Mistress Rose Lisle as one of the first, and slipped amongst the trees to watch. Mistress Rose it was, and with her, laughing and jesting, the gay cavalier who stayed so long at Dale's Field. The others were decent-looking serving-men of a certain age."

"If you met such on the road, sir, they passed here. The host will remember them. Call him in."

The host did remember such a company. Nay, he remembered more, the young lady came there with the serving-men, and was there met by the cavalier, all four then proceeding southward.

"I am no liar, Master Dale," said Dennis.

We went outside to our horses. What I felt I cannot describe. My heart and brain were on fire. I knew not what to think nor what to do.

"What do you think, what do you think!" I cried to Philip when we were out of the house. "For God's sake say something to me."

"My poor lad, what can I say? Only this, Will, that my dear girl would do naught against honour. She is the victim of some foul plot. Listen, this Trevor hath a country estate in the north of Derbyshire. Let us push on through Sheffield and see if we can find him there."

So we paid our reckoning and rode away in the summer evening, and my heart was as heavy as lead within my breast.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

OF OUR ADVENTURE IN DERBYSHIRE.

WE came shortly into Rotherham, where we found some busily engaged in the casting of cannon for the Parliamentarians, and on that account we tarried there but a short time and succeeded not in learning any news of the party we sought. Neither did

we hear much as we passed along the road betwixt that town and Sheffield, for we were now come into a more populous district, and the folks at the inns and toll-bars more than once told us that they had something else to do than observe what manner of travellers passed along the highways. Now and then, indeed, we came across an inn-keeper or a toll-bar man who had some vague and misty notion that he remembered the company we described, but the answers of these people were usually so little to be depended upon that we could put no confidence in them.

"There is nothing for it, Will, but to push on towards Trevor's estate, which lieth, I know, somewhere in the Peak country," said Philip Lisle. "We shall most likely find him there, and can then make strict inquiry of him."

"It shall be but a short inquiry," I said, meaningly, for I was by that time sure that the man whom we had befriended had wrought me this great wrong, and my heart burned to have him by the throat. "Only let me lay hands upon him and we will have the truth out of him whether he will or no."

"Justice shall be done," said Philip, and we rode on again in silence, for I had no mind to talk, being chiefly concerned with fierce thoughts of revenge and anger. My brain was on fire with these things, and I think that if Captain Trevor had suddenly appeared before us I should have slain him where he stood, without giving him the chance to beg for mercy.

It was well on in the evening when we came into Sheffield, for during the last few miles our horses had advanced at little more than a foot-pace. The poor beasts, in fact, were in anything but fit condition for a long day's journey, being worn nearly to skin and bone by their privations and long fastings. It was abundantly evident that they could not go further without a rest, for the hour's baiting they had already enjoyed at the wayside inn where we met Dennis Watson, had done little more than spur them on to a brief effort, which was now at an end.

"We must dismount for a few hours, Will," said Philip. "Otherwise our cattle will go dead lame. My poor Cæsar is not so young as he was, and I do not like to distress him. It is now seven o'clock; what say you if we dismount until midnight?"

It seemed a long time to me, for I was raging to push forward anywhere and anyhow, if only I could get news of my

dear Rose Lisle, but I knew that we could do no less than he proposed. I had hoped we might get some news of her in Sheffield, but when we rode into it I found it to be a place larger than Pontefract, with many inns, and filled with smoke, coming from the furnaces of workers in iron and steel, so that I cared not how soon we got away from the bad air and clanking hammers.

"Mind what you do or say here, Will," said Philip. "I fear we are amongst Roundheads in this place, and I have no mind to experience such treatment as we met in Pontefract market-place, when old Master Pratt clapped us into his cellar. I know of a place where they are true to the King, so we will make for that and be safe until our horses are rested."

We accordingly passed through the town, not entirely unobserved, and finally drew rein at a hostelry which stood in a retired situation over against the road which leads from Yorkshire into Derbyshire. Here we found an ancient landlord, who greeted Philip Lisle very cordially and bade us welcome. But neither he nor his could tell us aught of Rose, so we were fain to stable our steeds and sit down to wait with what patience we could. They set meat and drink before us, but neither felt inclined for eating, and I think a mouthful of bread would have choked me. At last, indeed, I grew so restless that I proposed we should go forth and make inquiry at some of the other inns in the town.

"We should surely do as well occupied in that fashion as sitting here doing naught," said I, "and as for me, I can bear this idleness no longer, and shall go mad if I am not occupied."

"Agreed," said Philip, and we set out into the town and proceeded as cautiously as possible to make inquiries at such inns as travellers usually put up at. No news, however, did we hear, and received many a scolding for our foolishness in asking folks to remember what had happened four days before. They had too much to do, said all that we spoke to, to remember every stray party that paused to water their horses. So we did no good in that direction, and presently returned to our own inn, which we left shortly after midnight, the horses being somewhat recovered by their rest and rations.

It was a bright moonlight night, and the country to the west, which we were now traversing, rapidly assumed shapes and forms with which until then I had never been familiar. The ground began to rise until it was shaped in high hills, more or

less steep, with long valleys, now wooded and now barren, winding away between them. To my eyes, which had never seen aught higher than the hills at Brayton and Hambleton, nor any valley wilder than that of Went, this scenery was very awful, and brought over me a curious feeling of admiration and wonder. It was so silent and lonely, with no sound save the clank of our horses' feet, or the clatter of our swords against the stirrup-irons, and the clouds that floated over the moon-lit hills looked so weird and ghostly, that I could almost have imagined myself in some of the fairy haunts that I had heard folks talk about.

Through these dales and over the passes that climbed the surrounding hills, we rode for some hours, until we had climbed over Stanage Edge, and were drawing near to the country round the Peak. Here the hills assumed rougher and wilder shapes, and the valleys became deeper and darker. Presently the road along which we had ridden became less well-defined, and we found ourselves traversing what was little more than a bridle-path that wound up and down the hillsides. It was now morning, and the sun was rising above the hills to the westward, and our horses once more began to show signs of fatigue. However, I could see nothing in the shape of human habitation whichever way I turned.

"It seems as if we had lost our way," I said, drawing rein until Philip Lisle came abreast of me. "The path grows narrower and narrower and bids fair to be lost altogether presently."

"I have been this way once before," said he, pulling up his horse and looking round, "and it runs in my mind that there is a farmstead close by. Let us push on over yonder hill and see if we cannot discover it."

When we came to the top of the high ground he had pointed out the farmstead lay exactly beneath us—a lonely and desolate-looking group of buildings, round which I could see no sign of life. On the steep hillsides that rose all round it a few mountain sheep strayed hither and thither, but there were no cattle in the valley, and no smoke came from the chimneys of the house.

"It looks as if its inhabitants were all gone to the wars, Will," said Philip Lisle, as we descended the hillside and drew near to the house. "Nevertheless, it shall go hard with us if we cannot find something for our horses. This used to be a house of call for travellers twenty years ago."

When we came up to the door of the house and knocked loudly thereon we received no answer for some time, and were thus obliged to come to the conclusion that the place was deserted, which idea was strengthened when we saw that the farmyard was empty and that there was no fodder in any of the barns or sheds. The out-buildings, indeed, were falling to pieces, the damp and the dry-rot having conspired to finish them off, both inside and out. From what we could see of the house through the dirty windows it was in a similar state, and looked as if it had no tenants other than rats, mice, and vermin.

We were turning away from this uninviting place when we heard the sound of a bolt being withdrawn from its staple, followed by the rattling of a chain, and presently the door was opened to us by a tall old man who looked more like a wild animal than a human being, so fiercely did his eyes glare through the knotted and tangled mass of hair which grew all over his face. He was clothed in little better than rags, and his arms and feet were bare, while his shoulders, which he shrugged as if he were cold—though it was a fine warm summer morning—were covered with a sheep-skin rudely dressed and left with the feet and tail still hanging to it.

"God save you, master!" said Philip, drawing nearer to the door. "This was a house of call, an I mistake not, in former days."

"Yes, yes," said the old man, whose fierce eyes were examining our persons and our horses as if he had never seen aught like us before. "Yes, yes; do your horses want a feed? I am very poor, but there is a little corn in the stables."

"Then they shall have it," said Philip. "Come, Will, let us dismount. The cattle will be all the better for an hour's rest. Your homestead does not seem to be in very good condition, master," he continued, as the old man went before into the stable. "What hath happened here of late?"

"It was robbed, robbed," piped the old man in his cracked voice. "Those Roundhead knaves sacked it of all I had—grain and straw. Pray God ye be not of their following!"

"Nay, we are for the King," said Philip, "and will pay handsomely for whatever we eat. Have you no food or drink for us, master, as well as for our horses?"

"There is a little ale, just a little," said the old man, "and some cheese and bread, if that will content you, gentlemen. Once upon a time travellers fared well with me, but alas, I have

nought left for myself nowadays save yonder two or three sheep which I am too infirm to catch."

While we had been talking he had led the way to a stable which was somewhat less dilapidated than the rest of the buildings and was fairly well fitted with two stalls, in which we placed our horses. This done he produced a feed of corn for each from a bin that stood in the corner, afterwards going before us back to the house.

"Come in, noble gentlemen, come in," said he as we reached the threshold. "'Tis a poor place, but if you will pass through the kitchen you will find a parlour more suited to your quality. 'Tis, indeed, the only apartment in the house where I can entertain you, for all else hath been cleared off.

We went through the desolate looking kitchen into a smaller apartment wherein the sole furniture consisted of a deal table and two or three rough chairs.

"Marry!" quoth Philip. "You seem to have fallen on sore times, friend, of late years."

"Yes, yes," said the old man. "Yes, sore indeed—but you need refreshment, gentlemen. I will bring you what I have. It is not often that travellers pass this way nowadays."

He presently returned and set before us a platter of bread and cheese and a great jug of ale, the sight of which was not unwelcome to us, sharp set as we were by our long ride through the night.

"You have a deep cellar, master," said Philip, tossing off his pot at a draught. "Your ale is cold as an icicle."

"Aye," said the old man, "deep enough, but poorly furnished, sir, since all these troubles came upon me."

"Aye," said Philip, "these be troublous times, it is true. Tell us, master, do you know where the estate of one Captain Trevor, an officer in His Majesty's forces, lieth? It is somewhere near the Peak, so I have heard, and we are now in that neighbourhood, if I mistake not."

"Yes," answered the old man, "you are now at the foot of the Peak, and Squire Trevor's estate lieth before you at a distance of seven miles. Follow this bridle-path along the valley until you come to the road again, and then ride straight on till you reach the park gates."

"Have you seen aught of Captain Trevor lately?" inquired Philip. "Is he much seen in these parts?"

"Nay," said the old man, "not since the war began,

gentlemen. But I see you have drunk all the ale—shall I fetch you another stoup full?"

"Why," said Philip, "I am certainly thirsty this morning, so fill up again, master, and then you might give our horses a drink of water. I dare say the poor brutes are as dry as their riders."

We continued eating and drinking while the old man went out to the stables. I ate little, being in no frame of mind for food, but I had grown strangely thirsty since leaving my horse, and took deep draughts of the ale, which was cool and refreshing.

"Beshrew me, Will," said Philip Lisle, suddenly, "I have turned vastly sleepy since we halted. My eyes keep winking against my will."

"So do mine," I answered. "I have nodded more than once since we sat down. 'Tis the long ride through the fresh air."

"Bethink thee, lad," said he, "we have had no sleep these two nights. 'Tis hard work to go without sleep, and ride all the time too. Indeed, I could lay my head down on this table and be off in——"

Now before he had finished speaking he leaned forward, and, resting his head on his arms, dropped suddenly off into a sound slumber. I leaned my head against the wall and watched him. There was a bee humming outside. Its monotonous buzz, buzz, buzz, sounded pleasantly in my ears. My eyes closed gently and I was suddenly as sound asleep in my corner of the wall as Philip Lisle with his head on the table.

How long we slept I cannot tell, but I suddenly woke with a start to find myself lying on the floor of the little room. It was evidently night, for the light had gone and through the window I could see a star peeping over the top of the hill which towered up above the house. My head ached in terrible fashion, and my eyes, having once opened, continued to blink at the starlight while my senses were collecting themselves. I suddenly tried to raise my hand to my head. It was fast bound to my side! and the other was similarly secured. Then my senses came back to me rapidly enough, and I saw what fools we had been. The old man had drugged us and bound us while we slept, probably to rob and murder us for the sake of our horses and our money.

I tried to move and found that I was securely fastened at shoulders, waist, and feet. I could do nought but roll about, and I turned over, hoping to strike against Philip in the

darkness. I had heard him breathing when my senses came back to me, and concluded that he must be somewhere near me and in like plight to myself. But I had not taken more than two rolls across the floor in the direction in which I fancied him to be when I heard sounds outside the window which made me hold my breath and lay as motionless as a log of timber.

CHAPTER XXXV.

OF OUR FORTUNATE MEETING WITH CAPTAIN TREVOR.

THE noise I heard outside the house was caused by the trampling of a horse's feet on the pavement in front of the door, followed by the jingling of steel and harness as the rider alighted. Then came a sound of footsteps on the threshold, and a man's voice said, "Hollo, there ; what, is the old knave asleep ?"

"Nay, nay, noble captain, nay ; did you ever know me to fall asleep when there was grist to bring to the mill ? But speak low, captain dear, for there is somewhat inside that must not be waked."

"Ah, and what is it this time, Benny ? A fine fat Sheffield merchant ? Will he bleed well ?"

"Nay, nay," quavered the old man. "'Tis two of those accursed cavaliers—Heaven's malediction be upon all of their sort!—that came wandering by this morning."

"Ah ! and drank of thy ale, eh, Benny ?"

"Yes, and deeply, I assure you. Oh, I made it strong enough. But now hark ye, captain dear, there are two of them, and one is a great giant of a fellow, yea, head and shoulders taller than Long Dick, but more wooden-headed, I warrant, for he never spoke a word and let his companion do all the talking—oh, a great fellow, but stupid enough."

"Aye, and the other ?"

"Why, the other is an ordinary being, and methinks I have seen him before, somewhere. Perhaps it was—"

"Aye, but hast drawn their teeth, Benny ?"

"Yes, indeed, captain dear, oh yes. Their swords and pistols are safe stowed, I warrant you."

"Well, and the booty ? You searched them of course when they were safe and sound ?"

"Yes, and bound," said the old man. "The great man had thirty guineas in a bag, and a breeches pocket full of crown pieces, and the other had twenty guineas but no silver. Then there are their horses safely bestowed in the stable, and their trappings, and the men's clothes and arms, so that old Benny hath not done so bad a day's work, eh, captain?"

"Excellent, Benny, excellent. And the money, my cock of Egypt, where hast bestowed it?"

"In the usual place, captain dear; oh, in the usual place," said the old villain, with so much craft and subtlety in his voice that I could almost see his rascally old eyes glinting and gleaming through his white hair.

"Well, but what are we to do with the fellows, Benny?" asked the other man. "The usual thing—four inches of cold steel, and drop them into the well?"

"I should have done it before now," said the old man; "but the big man is too heavy for me to drag, and then I might have been seen from the hillsides. Shall we do it now, captain dear?"

"Why, is there any hurry, Benny? Will the fellows wake soon?"

"Not they," laughed the old man. "Not this side of doomsday, I warrant me."

"Why, then, let me eat and drink, Benny, and then we will do the necessary deed. Besides, there is Long Dick coming up the valley, and he can bear us a hand if need be. So set out meat and drink, my Trojan, while I stable my steed. Fifty guineas, quotha? 'Tis well, Benny, excellent well."

Then the sound of the horse's feet went across the yard, and I heard the old man moving about with pots and pans in some apartment next to our own. As for me a great sweat had sprung out all over me when I heard these bloody murderers so calmly discussing our fate. What was to be done? There I was tied hand and foot so that I could not move, and Philip Lisle lay still sound asleep at my side equally powerless with myself. If only I could have freed myself from the ropes which bound me, I would have risen and gone forth and then and there screwed the old man's head round until his further chance of maltreating travellers had been gone. But there I was, big enough and strong enough to fight three men of ordinary size, and yet helpless as a child because my arms were tied.

Presently the other man came back from stabbing his horse, and I heard the two conversing in low tones in the next room. I heard, also, the clatter of dishes, and wished fervently that the food would choke them both. I thought of all manner of things in those dreadful moments—of my mother, of Rose, of Jack Drumbleforth and Jacob Trusty, of Lucy and Ben Tucket, and of matters which had happened many a year before and had been forgotten until then. I could see no possible way of escape. Presently the men would come in, and run their knives into us, and with no more compunction than if we had been sheep, and after that they would throw us into the old well, and leave us to rot. I would have given all I had in the world for the use of my arms at that terrible moment.

After what seemed a long time I heard another horse enter the yard in front, and presently a third voice was joined to the two already engaged in conversation. Then the sweat came out on my brow in great beads, and at every sound as of feet coming our way I trembled with anger and helpless rage. I strained at the cords that bound me, and felt them nip the flesh beneath.

And then an idea suddenly flashed across my mind like a ray of hope. I remembered once being at Doncaster Fair, and watching a man of enormous strength who was showing the people what he could do with his muscles and sinews. First of all he lifted weights, such as bars of iron and lead, and after that he swung heavy clubs about as if they had been mere willow wands. But what the people most admired was the following trick: the man produced a long strand of rope, and bound it tightly round his chest, after which he drew a deep breath, and then sending out his chest to its full extent he snapped the rope as if it had been a bit of straw or a woman's strand of worsted.

Now I was at that time as strong and mighty of muscle and sinew as any man of the age, and I knew that for every pound the strong man at the fair could lift, I could lift two. And at this terrible moment it occurred to me that now was the time to put forth my great strength and burst the bonds that bound me, so that I might at least have a blow at the villains in the next room before they threw me and my companion into the well.

I contracted my chest and arms as far as I could, and then suddenly expanded them so that the rope cracked again under

the pressure. But alas! there were more strands than one, and they cut into the thick part of my arms so cruelly that I almost cried out with pain. Nevertheless, I was spurred on to make another effort by the voices in the next room, so I drew breath once more, and once more strove to burst the bonds that bound me. I strove and strove and strove until the fire flashed from my eyes, and my chest was like to split, while the straining cords cut into my arms till the blood started and the sweat poured down my face. And then with one last effort the rope snapped sharply, and I sank back exhausted but free.

But there was no time for rest, and I immediately set to work to untie the bonds which confined my feet. This done, I crept over to where Philip Lisle lay asleep, and hastened to release him also. He was so soundly wrapped in slumber that all my tugging at his bonds and rolling him about did not suffice to wake him, and I did not dare to shout in his ear lest the men should hear me. So I withdrew him into the darkest part of the room, and then stole stealthily over to the door, with the intention of crushing the life out of the first man who entered. I had not stood there many minutes when I heard very soft footfalls approach the door, which was presently unbolted from the outside and then gently opened to the extent of two or three inches. I held my breath and waited, yet my heart thumped so violently against my ribs, that I feared they would hear it. However, my hands and arms were ready, and my fingers twitched to be at somebody's throat.

Then the door was opened a little wider, and I heard the old man whispering as if to some one behind him.

"Fast asleep, Captain dear, fast asleep! Don't you hear how regularly they breathe? Aha, what a nice sleep they'll have at the bottom of the old well, eh? You made the knife sharp enough, Captain dear?"

"Sharp as a needle," growled the other man. "Go in, Benny, and get it over."

"Oh yes," whispered the old villain. "Oh yes, I'm going. Do you hear them breathing, eh? Like children. Eh, eh, eh, how the warm blood will bubble under old Benny's knife, Captain dear! Eh—, sh—sh, my children—sh, here's old Benny with his—"

As he came stealthily round the door I seized him by the throat and drove his head straight and true against the stone wall behind. I felt the skull crack under my hand, and the

man's body fell limp and lifeless at my feet, without ever a sound passing his lips. Then I caught the glittering knife from him as he fell, and turned on the other two men who were crowding into the doorway after him, and whose forms I could just make out in the dim light. As I struck out at them they fell back into the kitchen through which we had passed in the morning, and I following them up with my weapon was upon them before they could reach the door. But here I lost the knife, which I drove into the doorpost with such force that I could not withdraw it. By that time, however, they had opened the door, and we all three went rolling out on the stone pavement with a hideous clatter. But I was topmost, and before they could rise I had each by the throat and was wondering if I could manage to squeeze the life out of both of them at the same time.

Now they were both big men and of brawny build, and they no sooner found my hands at their throats than they began to fight desperately for their lives, so that one of them presently forced my hand away from his neck and strove to regain his feet. But my wits were now thoroughly at work, and as this man forced my hand away, I raised his fellow-villain's head with the other hand and gave it such a knock against the stones that it cracked like an egg-shell, and the man stiffened out and lay still. The one who had thought himself free had meanwhile drawn a knife, and I rose just in time to escape a blow aimed at my back. He came at me again as I got to my feet, but there fortunately lay close to hand a thick bar that had once been used as a swingle-tree, and with this I laid about the fellow's head and shoulders to such purpose that he suddenly dropped his knife and ran howling for mercy towards the hills.

So now the fight was over, and it had all happened in very much less time than it has taken me to write down this account of it. I went into the house, and finding a lamp burning in a room where the men had evidently been eating their supper, carried it to Philip, who, sleeping amidst all the noise and clatter, had just begun to wake up and rub his eyes.

"Beshrew me, Will!" said he, as I bent over him with the lamp, "I fear I have slept a longer time than I thought to. Where are we, and what am I doing on the floor?"

"Wake up, sir," said I, impatiently. "We have been drugged and well-nigh murdered, and we have lost a whole day."

He was on his feet in an instant then, and listened atten-

tively while I told him what had happened. Then he took and shook my hand very earnestly.

"Well done, Will, well done indeed!" said he. "Alas! I am much to blame. We ought to have been more cautious of that old man. But let us have a look at our enemies."

As for the old man, he was dead enough, and I could not for the life of me feel sorry for him, so villainous and crafty had been his conduct towards us. The other fellow lying outside was in bad case too, but not dead, so we lifted him inside the house and put him into a comfortable position, after which we left him and began to hunt for our money, finding it at last after considerable search hidden under a flag in the cellar. This done, we made for the stables and lost no time in saddling our horses, for we were both impressed with the idea that there might be more of these murderers, and that the third fellow had fled to seek assistance.

When we led the horses out of the stable and mounted them at the gate, the moon had just risen and the valley was full of clear, silver light. We were about to ride away when we suddenly caught the sound of horsemen advancing along a bridle-path that lay to the west. Soon we heard the sound of voices, mingling with the clank of bit and stirrup, so that we felt sure there was a troop of horse upon us.

"Draw behind the wall, 'Will, and let them go by,'" said Philip. "If they are of our own party we will hail them; if not, we will let them go in peace."

So we drew behind the wall of the granary, and the troop came along at a smart walk, and we heard the men laughing and talking.

"Old Benny's farmstead," said one of the foremost, "is going to rack and ruin. Let us whistle him out."

"Nay," said another, "let the old fox sleep in his hole. I had as lief set eyes on the devil as on his evil face."

"Forward, lads, forward!" cried a voice from the rear. "We are not making such speed as we ought. Trooper Baxendale lead on a little faster."

Now I had no sooner heard that voice than I gave a great start and would have leaped forward if Philip Lisle had not held me with a strong hand. For the voice was the voice of Captain Trevor. "Silence, Will, silence!" whispered Philip. "Do naught rashly. Leave it to me, and command thyself. See, here he comes."

And looking out from the barn wall we saw Captain Trevor distinctly enough in the moonlight, as he rode at the tail of his little troop of twenty men. He passed by us, and then Philip rode out into the lane and hailed him.

"Holo! Captain Trevor."

He turned sharply and stared in our direction, and his men drew rein and the horses stopped and stood champing their bits.

"Who calls?" said he, as we drew nearer.

"'Tis I, your old acquaintance, Philip Lisle, and here is with me Will Dale."

"Master Lisle—and Will Dale, my dear Will Dale! Gentlemen, indeed I cannot think what brings you into this wild region, but 'tis for my better fortune, I am sure."

And he leapt from his horse and came hastening to take our hands, and I knew, and was glad to know it, that the terrible suspicion we had fostered against him was groundless. But since he was innocent, who was it that was guilty?

CHAPTER XXXVI.

OF THE END OF OUR SEARCH.

"ALAS, Will!" whispered Philip, as Captain Trevor approached us. "We are on the wrong track. This man is innocent enough. We have been fooled somewhere."

"And what brings you here, gentlemen?" asked Captain Trevor, shaking hands with both. "Are you on some similar mission to my own? I am taking a troop of horse to Newark —'tis my first adventure, Master Dale, since I left you."

"Alas!" said Philip. "We are on a sad adventure indeed, and just now our prospects look black enough. However, there is one load off our minds, as you shall hear," and he forthwith succeeded to give an account of all that had befallen us from the time that Belwether brought us the bad news to Pontefract Castle even to that moment. Now while he spoke Captain Trevor gave evidence of the keenest interest, and of the liveliest indignation, and when Philip Lisle told him of our meeting with Dennis Watson and of what Dennis had said respecting him, his face flushed and his hand grasped the hilt of his sword, in a way that boded no good to his false accuser.

"But you believed him not, gentlemen?" he said, earnestly. "I trust you believed him not. And yet why have you come here if you did not believe him? Alas, gentlemen, I should have thought you had known me better than to believe me guilty of such black conduct!"

"Sir," said I, "let me tell you that in my heart I did not believe it, but there were two witnesses against you, and we were bound to satisfy ourselves in justice to us and to you. Besides, we thought it possible that some terrible mistake had arisen."

"Yes, yes," said he, "but, oh, gentlemen, it is you who have made a terrible mistake. Can you not see, Master Dale, that the man who so falsely accused me is the man who hath wrought this mischief?"

"Dennis Watson?"

"Dennis Watson of a surety. Did I not hear, when I was at Dale's Field, that he was your enemy and had more than once vowed to do you an injury? Rest assured, Master Dale, that it is he who hath planned and carried out this matter."

Then I saw what fools we had been, and how easily Dennis Watson had duped us, and I swore a great oath that whenever he and I next met, whether in highway or byway, street or market-place, in church or court, there one of us two should go forth no more. And that oath I kept, even as God willed it.

"And now, gentlemen," said Captain Trevor, "you must back to yonder wayside inn that you spoke of, for it is there that you will find the key to this mystery. Yea, I am convinced that the host who bore out Watson's statement is implicated with him in this plot against you. Now, it will not be so much out of our way to go with you, for we can make Newark by way of Retford, so mount, gentlemen, and let us push on."

"But these men?" said I, pointing towards the farmstead, which now stood white and clear in the moonlight. "Shall we not see to the one that is living?"

"Nay," said Trevor, "his companion will presently return when he sees us ride away, and we have no time to attend to cut-throats. I have long known that this gang needed stamping out, Master Dale, and am obliged to you for what you have done. So now let us away."

And with that we got into our saddles and departed, soon leaving the ruined farmstead far behind, and from that day to this I have never heard whether the man died or whether he

recovered, nor did I much care, considering what trouble of mind he and his companions had put me to.

We rode along through the valleys between the hills during the whole of that night and came into sight of Sheffield about six o'clock in the morning. But into Sheffield Captain Trevor would not go, because it was principally in the hands of the Parliamentarians, and we therefore took a roundabout direction southwards of the town and went towards Rotherham by way of Beauchief Abbey and the villages of Woodhouse and Whiston. At Rotherham we stayed to bait our horses, it being then almost noon and the march having lasted nearly twelve hours. Here we heard news of His Majesty's success at Leicester, which was communicated to us by a messenger going north from Newark. Here too we learnt that the King had expressed his hopes of shortly achieving a great victory over the Roundheads, which hopes, however, were unfulfilled, for the Battle of Naseby, which took place a few days later, routed the Royalist army for ever.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when we left Rotherham and proceeded along the highway in the direction of Thrybergh. The wayside inn where we had seen Dennis Watson lay half-way between these two places, and it was not long before we came in sight of it and drew up to confer amongst ourselves as to what plan of action we should pursue.

"Leave it to me," said Captain Trevor. "If matters are as I suspect, I will bring them to a successful ending. Do you, gentlemen, lay behind a little, while I and my men ride forward. We will call for drink, and while we are busy with our tankards at the inn-door, you will ride up and presently begin to soundly rate the landlord for falsely directing you the other day. After which leave matters to me."

Acting upon this advice we let Captain Trevor and his men ride on until they came to the door of the inn, where they were presently waited upon by the host, whom we took to be the man that had lied to us two days previously. This person brought out to them stoups of liquor, and while he stood at the door waiting their pleasure, Philip and I rode forward and suddenly made our appearance between him and the troopers. And we had no sooner drawn rein than I perceived that the fellow instantly recognized us, for he changed colour and gave a sharp backward look over his shoulder as though he contemplated a retreat into the inn.

"How now, sirrah!" cried Philip. "A fine dance you have given us with your false news. You shall account to us pretty heavily for it, I promise you."

"I know not what your worship means," stammered the man, beginning to look very much afraid.

"What, hast thou the impudence to say so? Hark ye, sirrah, did not my friend here and myself call at your house for refreshment but two days ago?"

"Yes, sir; yes, certainly."

"And did we not make inquiry of thee, and didst thou not affirm that a young gentleman and his two servants had lately met a young lady at this inn and gone forward with her?"

"Yes, your worship, but 'twas only truth."

"Hah, truth, quotha! And did not Dennis Watson that was here at the time, and whom I doubt not thou knowest over well, did he not tell us in thy hearing that the young gentleman was one Captain Trevor?"

"I believe Master Watson did say so," faltered the man. "Yes, I remember it very well."

"Then thou liest, villain, and so did he," struck in Captain Trevor, "for I am the man he spoke of, and it is months since I rode by thy rascally dwelling. And I would have you know, sirrah, that I am a magistrate and bear the King's commission to put down naughty conduct such as thine."

Now when the man heard this he began to shake somewhat, but presently plucking up courage he replied that he feared nought, having done no wrong, and that there was law to protect him as well as another.

"As to what Master Watson said," he continued, "what have I to do with it? Did I mention Captain Trevor's name? Marry, I never heard it before this day. What I said, gentlemen, was out of my own knowledge, nor do I know whether what Master Watson said be true or not!"

"Master innkeeper," said Captain Trevor, "thou art a pitiful liar and a knave. Now we will tell thee for thy further information that there hath lately been a young lady kidnapped, whose friends we are, come hither to avenge her. And so we are like to have the truth out of thee, master innkeeper, for we think thou knowest something of this matter."

Now the man by that time was very much affrighted and began to shake in his limbs, but once more plucking up courage

he answered that he knew nought of kidnapping, and was not to be bullied by any man.

"What, dost dare answer me, a King's officer!" cried Captain Trevor. "Here, men, dismount and seize him."

"'Tis at your peril!" said the man, struggling violently to free himself from the clutches of the two stalwart troopers who had seized him on either side. "You have no warrant to lay hands on me."

"Warrant or no warrant, thou wilt find we shall treat thee as we please," said Captain Trevor. "Come, sirrah, tell us presently what you know of this Watson that conspired with you here. And speak trippingly, or we will find means to help your tongue."

"You dare not use violence," said the man, half-struggling between fear of us and defiance of our presence.

"Dare not? Friend, thou knowest not what thou art saying."

"There is law for me as well as anybody," said the man.

"Yea, and we are come to execute it. We will be counsel and jury and judge all in one. Now come, sirrah, speak."

But the man did nought but shake his head and grumble, whereat Captain Trevor bade them bind his eyes and tie him to his own pump, at the same time ordering his troopers to make ready their pistols.

"For indeed," said he, with a roguish wink of the eye in our direction, "we shall be forced to resort to extreme measures, master landlord, unless you speak without more delay."

Now the innkeeper's wife who had been washing or baking at the rear of the house, at last came to the conclusion that there was something wrong at the front, wherefore she left her work and came upon us just as the men were fastening up the protesting landlord to the pump. And she, seeing him blindfolded, and the men standing around him with pistols in their hands, immediately set up such a screaming that the horses began to rear and prance.

"Ah!" said Captain Trevor, "there is a more powerful instrument than any we have used so far. Come, mistress, an' you would not see your husband slaughtered before your eyes, tell him to speak."

"Oh, speak, good Gregory, speak, good, kind Gregory. Oh, masters, spare him—Gregory, dost not hear, thou wooden-head? Alack-a-day, I knew thou wouldest cause ill out of yond'

business, only thou wouldest not hearken to me. Did I not say 'twas a shame and a sin—and as sweet and gentle a young lady as ever breathed?"

"Take off the bandage," said Captain Trevor. "Come, Master Gregory, we would hear something further about this young lady. Speak out, man."

Now the landlord, having darted a glance at his spouse which boded her no good, stood angrily regarding us until a trooper lifted his pistol to his forehead and raised the trigger, whereupon he suddenly said that he would lead us to where the young lady was if we would molest him no further.

"As to that we will promise nought," said Captain Trevor, "for thou art in our power. Tie him up with your halter, Trooper Whiteman, and drive him wherever he wants us to go."

Upon this the man set off surlily enough, and we followed him, Philip and myself anxious and eager now that we knew Rose was near at hand. The innkeeper turned into the meadow at the rear of his house, and crossing it led us into a thick belt of wood where the only path was a narrow one, so that we were bound to ride in single file.

"Come hither, gentlemen," said Captain Trevor, dismounting and taking up a position by our prisoner. "This fellow shall tell us what he knows. Now, sirrah, speak plainly."

Thus adjured, the man confessed, with much reluctance, that himself and another, instigated by Dennis Watson, had brought away a young lady from Dale's Field and had secured her in a lonely house beyond the belt of wood we were now approaching, where she had since been guarded by the other man and his wife.

"But indeed, gentlemen," he said in conclusion, "indeed there hath no harm befallen the maiden, and no insult hath been offered her. Of a surety I should not have meddled with the matter if there had been ought evil. Nay, Master Watson did warrant us 'twas nought but a love affair, and that he was rescuing the young lady——"

"Hold thy tongue, sirrah!" commanded Captain Trevor. "A villainous pack ye all are, and shall all be punished soundly for your pains. Is yond' the house you speak of, sirrah?"

The man answered humbly enough that it was, and we filed out of the wood and came across a clearing towards it. But we had not gotten within fifty paces of it when one of our vanguard

cried out that there was a man escaping from the house into the fields beyond, and at the same moment another announced the flight of a woman in another direction.

"'Tis Tom Porter and his wife," said our guide. "They have seen us coming and are fleeing for their lives."

"A crown piece to the men who first lay hands on them," said Captain Trevor, and forthwith the leading troopers went galloping over hedge and ditch after the fugitives, while the rest of us went on to the house.

And now I need hardly tell you with what joy Philip Lisle and myself found our dear Rose, who was busy unfastening the door when we reached the house, her gaolers having left her when they saw us approaching. Then our terrible anxiety was relieved, for she hastened to assure us that she was no worse for her adventures, and had kept up her courage by telling herself that we should ere long come to her assistance.

Now by that time the soldiers had brought back the man and woman, and Captain Trevor and I went out to them, leaving Rose with her father.

"What shall we do with these knaves, Master Dale?" said Captain Trevor. "We cannot whip the woman, so let her go, men. But as for you, master innkeeper, and you, master innkeeper's brother-villain, we will make you dance to such a tune as you ne'er heard before."

And with that he caused his men to tie the two men up to a stout oak, one on each side, and having stripped them to their waists the troopers gave them such a sound thrashing with their halters so that the wood re-echoed with their unheeded cries for mercy. But I regretted very deeply that Dennis Watson was not there to settle his account with me, which I would have exacted of him in a still more stringent fashion.

Reviews.

I.—ARCHBISHOP MACEVILLY'S EXPOSITION OF THE EPISTLES.¹

IT is hard to imagine that life has any keener satisfaction to give than that which is enjoyed by the successful author who finds in his old age that the work of his early years is more than ever in request, and is influencing powerfully the younger generations growing up around him. When that satisfaction is consecrated by a worthy object, when it is able to contemplate without self-reproach the abundant fruit of good seed sown amid toil and tears, it becomes a very holy thing ; and we most heartily congratulate Archbishop MacEvilly upon the consolation he must feel in the success of his early labours, a success built upon no other foundation than that of solid and long-tried utility.

It is now more than thirty-five years since the first appearance of the *Exposition of the Epistles*. Of the last edition, two thousand copies were printed. The present is not a mere reprint of the old, but the commentary, we are told, has been revised and somewhat enlarged. The form of the *triplex expositio*, following the arrangement of Piconius, has been of course retained, and it constitutes to our mind one of the most distinctive and helpful features of these volumes. The excellent Alphabetical Index, which, contrary to the usual custom, is to be found not at the end, but at the beginning of the work, has been corrected to suit the changes made in the text. Altogether, we can well believe His Grace's statement in the Preface, that no small amount of care and trouble has been spent upon the revision.

To the possessors, however, of earlier editions of the work, it may be some consolation to know that, as far as we can detect,

¹ *An Exposition of the Epistles of St. Paul and of the Catholic Epistles.* By the Most Rev. John MacEvilly, D.D., Archbishop of Tuam. Two vols. Fourth Edition, Enlarged, Revised, and Corrected. Dublin : Gill and Son, 1891.

the additions made to the commentary have not been very substantial. A phrase has been altered here and there, and occasionally a new sentence has been introduced, but the principal improvement we have noticed has been the expansion in some difficult passages of the accompanying paraphrase. This is always very full, and should render the understanding of the text an easy matter to those who are least experienced in St. Paul's elliptical language and apparently sudden transitions.

That the venerable and learned author makes no parade either in this edition or its predecessors of a profound acquaintance with Protestant commentaries, or with those of the rationalizing German school, is not in our eyes a drawback, but rather a recommendation of his work. These things may be found elsewhere, and indeed they encounter us only too constantly in every new commentary that appears. We are glad for once in a way to shut out the thought of insidious criticism, to listen submissively to a dogmatic and devotional exposition soundly built up upon the accepted traditions of the Church. Archbishop MacEvilly has this great merit as a commentator, that what he has to say he says clearly and intelligibly. We may not always find ourselves in agreement with his views, but we are able to understand without difficulty what his view is, and we can feel quite sure that there is sound authority in the Fathers, or in approved commentators, for the opinion which he advances.

But it is superfluous to commend a work which is in the hands of every priest—nay, of every English Catholic who reads the New Testament with intelligent interest. We might say of Archbishop MacEvilly's *Exposition*, that it is the one classical Catholic commentary in our language. There is only one complaint that we can see occasion to make of this handsome new edition; and that is a matter which concerns rather the printer than the author. Is it not a pity that, in the quotations which are here and there introduced from the Greek text, the use of accents, and even of breathings, should be so irregular? There is a deeply-rooted prejudice amongst English scholars which regards a false accent as almost as unpardonable as a false quantity. Upon such critics unfortunately, as long as the Greek quotations are carelessly printed, no learning and no eloquence on the part of the author will be able to make any impression.

2.—A NEW LIFE OF OUR LORD.¹

It is some time since we met with a book which hits more directly a long felt want than the *Life of Jesus Christ* compiled by Father Maas. In plan the work is extremely simple, and it does not in any way enter into competition with such elaborate literary efforts as those of Père Didon, or the Abbé Fouard. Father Maas sets before us a text and a commentary. The text is a simple narrative of the Life of our Lord pieced together without addition or curtailment from the words of the four Evangelists. It is in fact a Catholic English *Diatessaron*, similar to the well-known Greek *Diatessaron* of White, or to those that have been arranged by different harmonists from the Vulgate or the Authorized Version. This narrative, printed continuously, except for such sectional divisions as are required by the subject, occupies as a rule about half the page. The remainder of the space is devoted to a commentary, concise in wording and matter of fact in tone. It is directed entirely to the elucidation of the text, and is not in any way devotional. "The compiler," we read in the Preface, "has not undervalued the latter (*i.e.*, the devotional interpretation), nor has he looked upon the Word of God as a mere human book intended to gratify curiosity rather than to instruct us unto salvation, but he has considered that Sacred Scripture must be accurately understood before it can be judiciously applied." The result is a handy volume of some six hundred pages, equipped with an Index and one or two maps, which contains, or is intended by its author to contain, all that can be reasonably required to illustrate the literal meaning of the Gospels.

We think so well of the practical utility of the work which Father Maas has designed, and we are so satisfied that it will see many editions, that we shall take the liberty of pointing out one or two matters in which it seems to us that the book is capable of improvement. In the first place, the Introduction vindicating the authenticity of the four Gospels, strikes us as somewhat hurriedly put together. No doubt Father Maas is unable within such narrow limits to develope the subject as he would wish, but while on the one hand he presses points which many sober critics would question, *e.g.*, the date of the Epistle

¹ *The Life of Jesus Christ according to the Gospel History.* By A. J. Maas, S.J., Professor of Oriental Languages in Woodstock College. St. Louis: Herder, 1891.

of Barnabas and of the Apocryphal Gospels, he seems to us in other matters somewhat to confuse and understate his case. Then in the commentary there are occasionally assertions made in general terms, in which it would be well to introduce some little qualification. Even though brevity has to be studied, and good authorities can be quoted for a view, it always seems to us a pity to state a doubtful point too roundly. Let us take a note like the following on John iv. 6. (Cf. that on John i. 39) : "About the sixth hour. According to the Jewish way of reckoning, about twelve o'clock, or noonday ; according to the Roman way, about six o'clock, either a.m or p.m."

Now it would not be easy for any one who was not a classical scholar to gather from this, that the theory that the Romans counted the hours from midnight to mid-day, rests upon a single obscure passage in Pliny, while there are numberless allusions in Latin writers, both Pagan and Christian, which show that the ordinary Roman method of reckoning time was identical with what is here called the Jewish way. Father Maas is clearly assuming too much. However, we may add that both here and elsewhere, if he seems to err, he errs in company with good authorities who ought to know better.

A more serious obstacle perhaps to the perfect success of the book is to be found in its occasional defects of style. We fancy we are not wrong in thinking that English is not Father Maas's native tongue,¹ though for one not born in an English-speaking country his command of the language is most remarkable. However that may be, there are sentences to be met with here and there which in the use of an expression on the turn of a phrase, jar upon a sensitive ear. We will venture to transcribe a portion of one of the longer notes on the Passion. It is a passage which will also probably give the reader a clearer idea of the style of commentary Father Maas affects, than anything we ourselves could say about it.

The hyssop reed on which the draught was reached to Jesus, is a low sized plant, so that the head of Jesus cannot have been much more than about two feet above that of any man of ordinary size. The vinegar was probably kept there as the drink of the soldiers. Soon after this event, Jesus gives forth with a loud voice His final shout of

¹ We find, for instance, that Father Maas refers to Padre Garrucci's celebrated *graffito blasfemo*, as the "mock crucifix of the Palatine." Clearly this is a rendering of the German *spott-crucifix*, but hardly an accurate rendering. Mock humility is the pretence of humility, not the derision of it.

victory over Hell and sin, then completely surrenders Himself to His Heavenly Father; His head falls, He is dead. Jesus undoubtedly died the death of the crucified, offering His Life on the Cross for the redemption of many, in compliance with the will of His Father. But various suppositions have been made concerning the immediate cause of Jesus's Death. Some writers suppose a supernatural cause, thinking that naturally a young person, who had not suffered from ill-health before the crucifixion, would not have died so soon. Several think it probable that the immediate cause of death was a broken heart. Persons who die of a broken heart, rapidly move their hand to their breast, give out a loud shriek, and are dead. The hands of Jesus were nailed to the Cross, but His loud shout is recorded by both St. Matthew and St. Mark. Besides, this view accounts for the discharge of water and blood after His Death. Rupture of the heart is followed by an effusion of blood into the pericardium, where it quickly separates into its solid and liquid constituents, called *crassamentum* and *serum*, or, in ordinary language, blood and water.

This extract illustrates well both the merits and the shortcomings of Father Maas's commentary. The matter is interesting, fresh, and, we believe, substantially accurate. The manner certainly leaves room for improvement. Passing over various infelicities of expression, is it not rather startling to find our Lord referred to, however remotely and indirectly, as a "young person"? Moreover, the writer leaves us after all in a state of doubt as to whether he emphatically rejects or embraces the view that Jesus died of a broken heart. It is often difficult in fact to decide whether Father Maas is merely stating impersonally the possible solution of a problem, or adopting and emphasizing it as his own opinion. However, it is an ungrateful task to scrutinize so closely a gift which we highly esteem and recommend. This Life of our Lord is not a book to be perused once and then cast aside, but it is a work to be kept at one's elbow as a familiar friend, equally useful for spiritual reading, for private meditation, or for the pulpit. For this very reason we hope to see it improved, until it becomes in every way as perfect as it is possible to make it. One curious misprint we have noticed in the Gospel narrative on p. 289. The woman in the crowd is there reported to have said: "Blessed is the womb that bore Thee, and the paps that made Thee suck."

3.—THE LIFE OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.¹

The great American celebration of next year is sure to call forth a vast crop of Columbus literature, and the first-fruits are already before us in the shape of a translation of the Italian Life of the explorer by Signor Tarducci. It is a good piece of biography,—simple and moderate in language; well informed, although without any display of erudition; and if it lacks the deep religious feeling of Count Roselly de Lorgues, it is still ostensibly the work of a Catholic.

In a book, the original of which is well known, and has been for six years before the public, the critic's attention is naturally directed not so much to the author's share in the work as to that of the translator and publisher. These two functions in the present instance are apparently combined in the same individual, a well-known American Catholic who bears the honoured name of Brownson. On the whole we can honestly congratulate him on the manner in which he has executed his task. The translation perhaps is a little unequal, some passages being markedly inferior to the rest. But it reads for the most part smoothly and naturally, and no great liberties have been taken with the original. In any case the biographer of Columbus has the one important point in his favour, that he has a story to tell of surpassing interest. There is pathos and interest enough in the record of those twenty years to lend vitality to the most lifeless style, and Mr. Brownson as a translator shows a sense of rhythm and a command of language which is decidedly above the average.

At the same time we feel some regret, it must be confessed, that, given the need of a new Life of the great explorer, Signor Tarducci's book should have been chosen for translation rather than that of Count Roselly de Lorgues. To say the truth, the Italian biography, good as it is, strikes us as rather colourless. For the English reader it has no particular *raison d'être*. There is one motive and only one motive which could make us dissatisfied with the noble simplicity of Washington Irving, or the refined and delicately humorous narrative of Helps (a writer, by the way, with whom Signor Tarducci seems entirely unacquainted). That motive is the wish for a more Catholic presentation of the life of one who, before all things else, was

¹ *The Life of Christopher Columbus.* By Francesco Tarducci. Translated from the Italian by Henry F. Brownson. 2 vols. Detroit: H. F. Brownson, 1890.

a devoted son of Holy Church. Now it is here precisely that the Italian writer fails us. Like the authors we have named, he keeps his hero's piety rather in the background. Consequently, in order to obtain a complete estimate of Columbus, as a Christian whose sanctity bordered on the heroic as well as the boldest and most renowned of the world's explorers, we must still refer the reader to the French of Roselly de Lorgues, or to the shorter biography on the same lines sketched by the skilful pen of Father Knight.

A review of any piece of translation would be incomplete without an extract or two to show how the work figures in its new dress. Let us take as a not unfavourable specimen the beginning of the chapter which describes how Columbus first set foot on the shores of the New World.

The following morning, Friday, the 12th of October, at the dawning of the day, the land imperfectly seen through the darkness of the night, began slowly to grow distinct on the horizon. It was a little island, hardly fifteen leagues in length, about two leagues distant, quite level, and interspersed with many trees, like a continual garden. Through the limpid atmosphere, with the blue background of the boundless water, the sight of the island seemed the work of enchantment, when gilded with the first rays of the rising sun.

When the sun was up, Columbus gave the signal to cast anchor, and to lower and arm the boats. He entered his own boat, dressed in a rich costume of scarlet, and bearing the standard of the expedition, on which as we said was the image of Christ crucified. . . .

The few savages dwelling on the island were perfectly naked, and simple in their habits and customs. Many of them had appeared on the shore from the first hours of the morning, and all were lost in astonishment on beholding the ships. They thought them huge monsters risen in the night from the deep gulfs of the sea, and stood watching their movements with fear and anxiety. When they saw the boats nearing the land, and those strange people that were in them stepped on shore, they vanished like lightning, all running to hide in the forests near by.

We think that both author and translator are at their best in simple narrative passages like the above. Signor Tarducci occasionally attempts a more ambitious style of writing, as for instance, in his description of the water-spouts in Columbus' last voyage, but the purple patches are not so brilliant as to make us wish them more numerous. In the English version on these occasions the translator evidently finds it difficult to rise to the height of Signor Tarducci's grandiloquence.

A howl of despair went up from every breast, as, with pale faces and bristling hair, they beheld death rushing upon them. The admiral was stretched on his pallet suffering with a burning fever. He felt his blood curdle at that general howl, and sprang up to see what was the cause, &c. (vol. ii. p. 256.)

Mr. Brownson has printed his version apparently without any alteration or curtailment of the Italian text. We are a little sorry that he has not added a few notes introducing such new information as has come to light during the last six years. The letter, for instance, written just before the departure from Saltes which has lately been discovered in the archives of Venice, is a document of exceptional interest. On the other hand, we think he does well to avoid such hopeless themes as the dispute about the first "landfall" of Columbus in the New World, or the recently revived suggestion of his Corsican origin. These are points upon which certainty is impossible, and which no new evidence is ever likely to clear up.

The get-up of these two volumes strikes us as hardly upon a level with the high reputation of American typography. The printing leaves much room for improvement, and the illustrations which are reproductions of a series of ideal compositions by Luigi Gregori in Notre Dame University are not quite all that could be wished. Some of them, we see, bear such superscriptions as: "Donated by the Very Rev. Father Sorin," "Presented by F. Edwards."

4.—THE SCIENCE OF THE SAINTS IN PRACTICE.¹

We noticed in THE MONTH, some little time since, the first volume of the English translation of Father Pagani's *Science of the Saints*; but the book is such an admirable one that we are glad to take occasion of the appearance of the second and third volumes, to recommend it again to the attention of our readers. Many spiritual books are devoid of illustrative anecdote, and for this reason are often esteemed dry; others are too exclusively in the form of narrative, and the careless reader reads the interesting story, but fails to draw the moral implied; while a third class interweaves pious remarks and reflections with the more attractive portions, and these are too often obviously inserted

¹ *The Science of the Saints in Practice.* By John B. Pagani, of the Institute of Charity. Second Edition. London: Burns and Oates.

with the express purpose of edification, and are accordingly skipped by the pious reader. Father Pagani's book avoids all these pitfalls. It is a happy admixture of anecdote, asceticism, and appropriate quotations. It scarcely ever is wanting in interest, and is full of a practical spirituality which is in no way exaggerated, and yet never fails to point its readers to a high standard of spirituality. The plan of the book is to provide some spiritual reading for every day. Each month has its appointed virtue, and the three or four pages assigned to each day place before the reader the various aspects of the virtue of the month, not by way of exhortation, or abstract reasoning, or reflection, but in the palatable form of anecdote, example, or extract from the Life of some Saint. The book indicates not only a very extensive reading on the writer's part, but also a very sound power of choice, and a deep knowledge of the spiritual life. The best recommendation we can offer is the assurance of the great interest and care with which we ourselves have read these volumes. But we would like the reader to judge for himself of the character of the work, and we think that the two following extracts are fair examples of what we may call the didactic portion. The first occurs under the head of Patience :

The saints and masters of the spiritual life distinguish three degrees of perfection which are attainable in the practice of patience. The first is to repress all external acts of resentment or bad humour in adversity, refraining from murmuring or complaining, either by word or sign, for two reasons. First, because restraint gradually calms sorrow, just as to remove the draught from a fire in a grate is enough to extinguish it. Secondly, because there is nothing that edifies our neighbour so much as evenness of temper in the midst of contradictions.

The second degree is, that we not only repress all external acts of anger and resentment, but also regulate our interior in such a manner as to repress all internal disquietude and agitation, so as always to keep our hearts in peace. To obtain this, it is very important that as soon as tribulations and trials overtake us, we immediately direct our attention to consider those reasons which show the inestimable value of patient and humble suffering. . . . The third degree of patience is to bear tribulations and trials not only with resignation and calmness, but also with cheerfulness and joy. This degree of virtue, by which a man passes through the troubles of life, not only without giving way to internal resentment and perturbation, but also with gladness and content, is the highest pitch of patience and the brightest mark of perfection. (vol. iii. pp. 225, 226.)

The second contains one of those golden pieces of advice for which the name of St. Frances de Sales is almost invariably connected :

St. Francis of Sales tells us of himself that he formed a resolution to practise the virtue of mildness at any cost ; "even though my poor heart," says he, "should seem to be entirely upset with anger, though my head should be oppressed with the mist of indignation, and my blood should boil like water in a kettle, still will I endeavour to disregard all these sensations, and give no outward sign of these inward attempts of the flesh; I will do my best to preserve a gracious and gentle demeanour; and all the reasons which my evil nature shall suggest in order to justify violence, I will smother, absolutely deaf to what they urge." (vol. ii. p. 315.)

We can heartily recommend these volumes to any one who desires a good book for spiritual reading.

5.—CARMELA.¹

A new book from the pen of "Christian Reid" is always a welcome sight. The plot of her stories, usually very simple in themselves, are well worked out and sufficiently attractive to sustain throughout the interest of the general reader. But it is the characters she loves to depict which give to all she writes a certain fascination that every one must acknowledge. There is about them an elevation of tone, a depth of piety, a dignity of sentiment, a singleness and strength of purpose that one recognizes as an ideal following out of the maxims of the Gospel. Her heroines are so gentle, sweet, and loveable withal, that one can only wish such persons were more frequently met with in this world of ours. *Carmela*—with whom the readers of the *Ave Maria* will already have become acquainted, since this story first appeared in its pages—is one of these characters. When introduced to us, she is a beautiful girl of seventeen, completely Mexican in birth and rearing, yet half American in blood. Her father was an adventurer from the States, who wandering south, had married a Mexican, and had died almost immediately after Carmela's birth. Her mother married again, and the child of the stranger became one of a numerous family of children. Until the time we speak of existence had flowed

¹ *Carmela.* By Christian Reid. Reprinted from the *Ave Maria*. Philadelphia : H. L. Kilner and Co.

in a very placid course for her, and her thoughts had not wandered beyond the narrow but peaceful limits of her daily life. But the appearance on the scene of two cousins, of whom she had never heard, and who had never heard of her, an amateur artist with an invalid sister, travelling, the former for amusement, the latter in quest of health, brings a fresh element into the quiet circle. New ideas and aspirations are awakened in Carmela. She is rapidly developed from a tender, shrinking child into a refined and graceful woman. Arthur Lestrange is captivated by the delicate beauty and subtle charm of the newly-found cousin ; but his character is a selfish and shallow one, and he is easily deterred from the project of marriage by the obstacles that present themselves. He dreads the disapproval of a wealthy aunt, whose fortune he hopes to inherit, and on the other hand, Carmela's parents refuse to consent to her union with a freethinker, a man who ignores and denies God. Incapable of any lasting affection, or of foregoing for her sake the luxuries of wealth, Arthur returns home ; he strives, and strives successfully, to banish the recollection of Carmela, for it is a recollection disagreeable to his self-love, conscious as he is of the unworthy part he has acted towards her. Not so Carmela : she has given him her heart with all the strength of her warm southern nature, and her soul, in the thraldom of love's first enchantment, rebels against the sacrifice demanded of her. Her conversation with the priest, who points out to her that to follow the dictates of undisciplined human passion, and unite herself to one with whom there can be no union of heart and feeling, one, too, in whose nature, as she afterwards finds to her sorrow, there is no response to her standard of right-doing, would only be productive of misery, is most admirable. And when after a year or two, through a chain of circumstances with which we leave the reader to acquaint himself, by the instrumentality of the very aunt who had opposed the marriage, she is again brought face to face with her lover of former days, she has learnt at the cost of keen suffering, to resign voluntarily what it was not the will of God that she should enjoy.

Only those who have had to make strong efforts to meet and endure things painful and repugnant know how much of sustaining strength there is in the very effort. So Carmela found it now. Having nerved herself with many an earnest prayer, to the point of the meeting from which she shrank so much, her spirit rose to the occasion with a power

and calmness which surprised herself almost as much as its outward manifestation surprised Lestrangle. Instead of being overpowered, as she had feared, by old memories, and perhaps by the attraction that had once swayed her whole being, she found that she had risen to a height where these things had no such power to affect her as she imagined they might possess. The long discipline of suffering, of struggle, and of prayer, had not been in vain. Yet it is not to be supposed that she could meet Arthur Lestrangle without a vivid memory of the past, and especially of their last meeting. As their hands and glances met, she recalled with an intensity which seemed almost to banish the present moment, the parting in her cousin's house, the pain, the tears, the promises. A sudden vision rose before her of the garden where she had read his letter (his heartless letter to break off the engagement); she saw the well, the banana-trees, and the shining evening-star in the soft-tinted sky. And it was an astonishment to herself that these piercing recollections did not overwhelm her. (p. 266.)

Lestrangle was desirous of once more winning the heart he had won and lost, but there was a depth of unsuspected strength in the apparently soft and pliant nature of the gentle girl; she repulsed his efforts to revive the feelings of the past, unable to trust again the man who betrayed the trust she had once given him. Love had been made too bitter to her for her to turn readily for another draught from the enchanting waters; but we are led to believe that after time, the healer, had done his work, she was united to one better able to appreciate a nature so simple and direct, so unswervingly true to the highest ideals, so absolutely untouched by the world.

The scene of this book is laid in Mexico, and the descriptions of the scenery, the towns, the sanctuaries of the land, of the Mexican people and of Mexican manners, which enter largely into the course of the narrative, add greatly to the attractions of the tale. It is impossible to commend *Carmela* too highly to the reader: it is in every sense a good book; good in itself and certain to do good.

6.—CATHOLIC CONFERENCE PAPERS.¹

The papers read at the Conference of the Catholic Truth Society have been published in one of those handy shilling and neat volumes with which many of us are quite familiar. Two-thirds of these papers treat of social matters, which have a

¹ *Catholic Conference Papers*, 1891. London: 21, Westminster Bridge Road.

direct or indirect bearing on religion, and especially on the religious interests of the Catholic community; the last sixty pages deal with the missionary character of the Catholic Church. All the subjects treated are of interest and importance, but the third section as being more distinctively religious is the one bearing most immediately on Catholic Truth. In this section the papers which received the warmest welcome from the audience, and which are full of instruction in their printed form, are the Right Rev. the President's account of the prominence of "Blessed Peter" in Catholic England in pre-Reformation times, and the paper of Father Casartelli on Catholic Missionary Work. The former of these contains information respecting the place of the Prince of the Apostles in early English devotion, which will surprise most readers who have not made a special study of the subject; while with regard to the progress of the Church in heathen lands, Father Casartelli's paper on Missionary Work is scarcely less full of new and surprising information. One short extract from it must suffice.

It is doubtful if we ourselves realize what has been going on in our own lifetime, and of what sublime deeds we ourselves are contemporaries. In the single vicariate of Central Tonkin, during a space of only four years, three bishops have shed their blood for the faith. In the year 1884, in the single vicariate of East Cochin China, 24,000 native Christians, with 9 European priests, 7 native priests, 60 catechists, and 270 native nuns suffered martyrdom for the faith in the space of only two months! The records of the early Christians have nothing more glorious to show than this. (p. 189.)

We regret that we cannot notice the other papers more in detail; but we hope that our readers will supply our omission by purchasing them for themselves. Among them we find one on the Drink Traffic, by Father Cologan, and another by Father Wood on the second great source of Leakage, viz., Mixed Marriages, Mr. Costelloe gives valuable advice about the amending of the Poor Law, and Father Nolan and Mr. Britten on Young Men's Clubs, Dean Richardson on Sunday Schools, to say nothing of several others on kindred subjects. They are all well worth reading, and are written by those who are experts in the subjects with which they deal.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE multitude of institutions in the United States enjoying University privileges, is apt in this country to provoke an occasional sarcasm. It cannot be denied, however, that this state of things has some advantages of its own, advantages which have been brought vividly before us in glancing through the *Proceedings of the College Association in the Middle States and Maryland*,¹ the Second Annual Report of which has lately been sent us. We have here the account of a meeting of representatives from many different educational establishments, some of them with names well known in Europe, such as the Johns Hopkins University, the Cornell University, Princeton College, Columbia College, &c. Amongst the rest, reading papers, acting on committees, taking part in discussions, on a footing of perfect equality, we find the names of Catholic Presidents and Professors, who if not very conspicuous by their numbers, have contributed by no means the least valuable of the memoirs contained in the volume before us. It is hard to imagine an Association of heads of Colleges from Oxford and Cambridge assembling to listen to an address on Philosophy by a Professor of Stonyhurst or Ushaw, yet we venture to believe that such a proceeding, however extraordinary, might be productive of great mutual benefit to the parties concerned. The paper by Bishop Keane on "A faculty of Philosophy," or that by Father T. Hughes, S.J., which enunciates the axiom, "*Nihil perfecte scitur nisi dente disputationis sectur*," would, we fancy, furnish some of our own College Dons with useful food for reflection.

The Abbé Monnin's *Life of the Curé d'Ars*² has been a long time before the public, but we have no wish to see it

¹ *Proceedings of the Second Annual Convention of the College Association of the Middle States and Maryland.* Held at Princeton College, N.J., November, 1890.

² *Life of the Curé d'Ars.* From the French of the Abbé Alfred Monnin. Popular Edition. London: Burns and Oates, 1891.

replaced by another. The English edition, which is somewhat condensed from the French original, is now offered by Messrs. Burns and Oates in a cheap and popular form. We hope it will have a large sale. It is a good translation, and it is pleasant to be brought into contact with a biographer who, while showing no lack of that culture and *savoir-faire* on which our century prides itself, was living for many years of his life in daily and intimate intercourse with a Saint.

Another old friend comes to us from across the Atlantic. It is a well-printed American edition of Lady Herbert's *Life of St. John Baptist de Rossi*.¹ In his Preface, "On Ecclesiastical Training and the Sacerdotal Life," the Bishop of Salford points out with great force and eloquence, that this history of a simple secular priest who was personally known to the grandfathers of men now living, is one full of practical instruction for the priests of our own day. St. John Baptist was of the category of those who are not merely to be admired, but to be imitated, and the secular clergy of America will welcome the edifying and practical Life which Messrs. Murphy have reprinted.

Father von Hoensbroech, S.J., has written a singularly vigorous little pamphlet,² in which he asks the question, Why should not the Jesuits return to Germany? It would be impossible to state the case more strongly than he puts it. This manifesto runs somewhat on the lines of Father de Ravignan's famous essay on the Institute of the Society of Jesus, which produced such a profound impression in France now nearly fifty years ago. Father von Hoensbroech shares with the French orator the gift of a calm, clear, and incisive style, and we can only hope that his book may attract as much attention as did that of his predecessor and fellow-religious. We have only one criticism. Is there not something wrong about the figures given on page 127, where the author states that under British Rule 2,987 pupils are educated in the Jesuit Colleges of Stonyhurst, Beaumont, Mount St. Mary's, Glasgow, Liverpool, and Bombay (India)? We know the splendid development of the College of the German Province in Bombay, but even allowing 1,000 pupils to this alone, we think the figures still rather overstate

¹ *The Life of St. John Baptist de Rossi*. Translated from the Italian by Lady Herbert. Baltimore: John Murphy, 1891.

² *Warum sollen die Jesuiten nicht nach Deutschland zurück? Eine Frage und eine Antwort*. Von Paul von Hoensbroech, S.J. Freiburg: Herder, 1891.

the case. In proof of the efficiency of these establishments, Father von Hoensbroech quotes Mr. Shuckburgh's official report of the examination he conducted at Stonyhurst a few years since.

The Schism of the West,¹ by the Rev. H. Brann, is a good essay and well up to date, although we do not quite see why it should have appeared otherwise than as a magazine article. Without wishing to express any sympathy for the Abbé Gayet's rather peculiar views, we cannot help thinking that he has been rather unnecessarily "pounced upon" by some of his critics. In Dr. Brann, however, he finds a more courteous opponent. With regard to the second part of the essay, it is not quite so clear to us as it appears to be to the writer, that the Vatican Decrees put the theory of Suarez as to doubtful Popes completely out of court.

We are glad to welcome an Italian version² of Father Clarke's little book of *Meditations on the Holy Souls*. A French translation appeared, if we mistake not, some time since. It must be a consolation to the reverend author to find that the good seed which he has sown is likely to bear fruit in other countries besides his own.

Messrs. Sonnenschein have sent us a Latin Grammar and two Latin Exercise Books belonging to their Parallel Grammar Series.³ The only satisfactory test of a good school-book is the test of practical experience, and as we have never used any of these volumes we are unable to speak with confidence of their merits. However, as far as sound scholarship, good printing, and orderly arrangements go, these books seem to promise very well. The editor of the two reading-books is the well-known classical master of the Oratory School, Edgbaston, Mr. C. M. Dix. It is a treat to find that he includes amongst his selections an extract or two from the Venerable Bede and other Christian writers. We have no sympathy with the ridiculous purism which thinks that the critical taste of that highly-sensitive animal, the English schoolboy, will be demoralized by contact with anything but classical models of the golden age.

¹ *The Schism of the West and the Freedom of Papal Elections*. By the Rev. H. A. Brann, D.D. New York : Benziger, 1892.

² *Requiescant in Pace. Brevi Meditazione per il Mese di Novembre*. Tradotte dall' Inglese dal Padre R. F. Clarke, S.J. Treviso, 1891.

³ Parallel Grammar Series. *Latin Grammar*. By E. A. Sonnenschein, M.A. *First Latin Reader and Writer*. By C. M. Dix, M.A. *Third Latin Reader and Writer*. By the same. London : Sonnenschein and Co., 1891.

We are glad to welcome a new periodical in the *Missionary Record of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate*.¹ This Congregation, which is fighting in every part of the world, under our Lady's banner, against sin and Satan, recognizes, as all must recognize, the growing importance of literature as a means of influencing the world, and seeks to interest Catholics in the good work that it is doing by a chronicle of its widespread labours. To this is added a number of other interesting articles, and Home and Foreign Notes. The yearly subscription is only four shillings, and it claims the support of all good Catholics.

Since our mention in THE MONTH of the second instalment of Father Duhr's essays on the imaginary crimes and false doctrines fathered on the Jesuits by enemies of the Society, the first number has reached us.² Its contents are partly moral, partly historical. The object of the institution of the Society of Jesus, its secret principles, the prejudice against its system of teaching, as well as the alleged revelation of the secrets of the confessional in the case of the Empress Maria Theresa, and the charge of causing poison to be administered to Pope Clement the Fourteenth, are the subjects exposed to the light of truth.

Miss Starr, whose poems are well known to many of our readers, has written in prose a poem for Christmas-tide.³ She shows how all the poetry, beauty, attractiveness of Christmas is inseparably connected with the Christian and Catholic aspect of it—how without Bethlehem it seems as an unmeaning time of reckless holiday, and without Rome it loses those marvels of devotional art and unbroken tradition which gather around the Divine Infant and His Holy Mother. Even Protestants value for their mere earthly beauty and their power to raise the soul above the prosaic common-places of ordinary life, those treasures which the Church alone preserves. They will do well to read this prose-idyll of Christmas, and its interesting account of the glories of Sta. Maria Maggiore under its Christmas aspect, of Sta. Maria ad Praesepe, and of the early Madonnas and the Madonnas of Raphael, sketched by Miss Starr's skilful pen.

¹ *Missionary Record of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate*. London : New Priory, Kilburn ; or 26, Great Prescot Street, E. ; or any Bookseller.

² *Jesuiten-Fabeln*. Von Bernhard Duhr, S.J. Erste Lieferung. Herder'sche Verlagshandlung. Freiburg im Breisgau, 1891.

³ *Christmas-tide*. By Eliza Allen Starr. Published for the Author, 299, Huron Street, Chicago.

Each Order has its own favourite devotion, and that to the Virgin Mother of Good Counsel is under the special care of the Augustinians. They have published a book of devotions,¹ to be used at the shrines now happily so widely spread, and at which so many have gained from our Lady's hands the invaluable gift of good counsel and prudence in their undertakings. It contains an Augustinian method of saying the Rosary, the Litany of Our Lady of Good Counsel, and a number of suitable hymns with music. We hope that it will promote the spread of this devotion far and wide.

Father Arbrot's fifty brief Meditations² are restricted to one point only, and that an all-important one, viz., why it is that we derive so little profit from Holy Communion. Each of the fifty dwells on some fault of which we have been or are guilty, and which hinders our progress and seems to frustrate the effects of Holy Communion in our souls. To each is added a prayer to be offered after Communion for the virtue on the want of which we have been meditating. The book is very practical and to be recommended.

II.—MAGAZINES.

The name of *Roumanille* may be known to the reader as that of a gifted Provençal poet, to whom the revival of his native tongue is due, but the word *Félibrige*, coupled with it in the *Études* for October (*Roumanille et le Félibrige*), is less familiar to our ears. It denotes the association formed for the cultivation of the ancient language and literature of Provence, the land of poetry and romance. The account of Roumanille's childhood and of his closing days is of touching interest. Father Chérot gives a pleasing and lively description of what Louis the Fourteenth was when confided to the charge of his first confessor, Father Paulin, S.J., and of the ceremonial of the first Communion of the youthful monarch, who then gave promise of walking in the footsteps of his ancestor, Louis the Ninth. The continuation and conclusion of the story of the exiled Catholic priests in Spain will be read with much interest. It is difficult to say whether one is more touched by

¹ *Half an Hour's Devotion at the Shrine of Our Lady of Good Counsel.* Compiled by the Rev. Guardian of the shrine at St. Augustine's, Cork. Dublin : Gill and Son.

² *Little Meditations for Holy Communion.* From the Spanish of the Rev. Father Arbrot, O.S.F. London : Washbourne.

the compassionate sympathy and generous hospitality of the Spanish bishops and clergy, who gave all they possessed to supply the needs of the necessitous members of a rival, often a hostile nation, or by the patient endurance of the unfortunate refugees—many of whom were men of high theological, scientific, and literary attainments—under the hardships and sufferings inseparable from enforced exile and inaction and dependence on the charity of strangers. Father Méchineau, in an essay entitled : "Biblical criticism in the third century," refutes the assertion that biblical criticism, historical and verbal, belongs only to recent times. He discusses the Hexapla of Origen, the object that the author proposed to himself in commencing this laborious work, and the manner in which he accomplished it. The important alteration in the curriculum of study at the French Colleges, inaugurated by the opening of the scholastic year, suggests some remarks on the substitution of modern languages for the classics. After mentioning the advantages supposed to accrue from this innovation of utilitarianism, Father Bournichon descants on the loss of refinement and culture, the literary and artistic decadence, the moral degradation which it will bring on the nation. In the November issue we have from the able pen of Father Delaporte a pleasantly-written paper which contrasts the "Age of Pensions," the seventeenth century, that is, when the pensions given to men of letters enabled them to study their profession, and await in thoughtful leisure the divine *afflatus*, with the mode of writing in the present day, when the pen is too often regarded merely as a means of "making money" as quickly as possible. Father Prélot contributes a sketch of the character and work of the Abbé Combalot, taken from the Life recently published by Mgr. Richard, which presents a graphic picture of the history of the Church of France during the period of the Abbé's activity, 1820—1870. The *Études* also gives a brief account from an eye-witness of the pilgrimage to the Holy Coat at Treves, besides some comments on the recent anti-religious and anti-French disturbances at Rome on the occasion of the workmen's pilgrimage to the Vatican.

In the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* (October), Father Hagen gives a very careful and clear epitome of the doctrines to which such men as Marx and Engels assign the name of the Philosophy of Socialism. These doctrines, taken from the "classics" of social democracy, have for their foundation materialism, and for their superstructure atheism ; the "scientific" principles

themselves owe their being in a great measure to the godless system of education upheld by the Prussian Government. On the eve of the fifth centenary of the discovery of the New World, an answer to the inquiry, "Whence is the name America derived?" which we find in the *Stimmen*, is well-timed. The explanation why the two continents should not have been named after Columbus, who was undoubtedly their first discoverer, rather than after a later one, Amerigo Vespucci, is reserved for a future paper. In continuing his apology for the dissensions that arose between Hildebrand and St. Peter Damian, Father Pfülf gives an interesting insight into the character of the latter, furnished chiefly from his own writings. Father Hagen speaks of the great power and delicacy of the photographic instruments and apparatus in use at the principal observatories in both hemispheres, and the wonderful astronomical discoveries made by their means; discoveries so brilliant and startling, that like a shower of meteors, for the moment they dazzle and bewilder the beholder. The concluding article in the *Stimmen* sets before us Abelard, one of the most striking figures in the theological and philosophical contests of the middle ages, in his character of poet. The hymns and sequences he wrote mark an epoch in liturgical hymnology. Had the melodies this gifted man composed for his verses not unfortunately been lost, he would doubtless have occupied a conspicuous place in the annals of ecclesiastical music.

The concluding portion of the biographical sketch in the *Katholik* for November of Louis de Thomassin, the ornament of the Oratorian Congregation in the seventeenth century, shows him to have been a man of saintly life and attractive character, as well as a student and writer of great erudition, to whom are due important reforms in the plan of theological studies. In the history of St. Elizabeth's relics, we read that her grave at Marburg continuing after the Reformation to be visited by pious pilgrims, the church containing it was, at the instigation of the Reformed preachers, given over to the Protestants, and "to prevent idolatry," the gold and jewels adorning the shrine were confiscated, while the bones of the Saint were removed, by order of the Landgrave, to a place of concealment. During the disturbed period preceding the Reformation, little attention was paid to the liturgy of the Church; consequently Father Baeumer has no alterations of any moment in the Breviary to

record, except the introduction of a few feasts such as the Seven Dolours in 1423, and the Transfiguration in 1472, until it underwent thorough revision in the commencement of the sixteenth century, by order of the Fifth Lateran Council. The opening of the Vatican archives has led to research concerning the origin, history, and contents of the library of the Holy See. Two works on this subject are reviewed by Dr. Bellesheim; one by De Rossi, which only treats of a short period, and a second and far more complete one by Father Ehrle, S.J., who takes up the thread where his predecessor drops it, to carry it on down to the present day. Dr. Bellesheim bestows the highest praise on this latter work, which will be of great value both to the learned and the religious world.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (993), commenting on the deplorable and disgraceful disturbances in Rome on the 2nd of October, remarks that never were results so utterly disproportioned to their cause. If the tomb of Victor Emmanuel had been pulled down, and his ashes strewn to the winds, no worse tumult could have arisen. The event has been termed a Roman *plebiscite* in favour of the Government, a popular demonstration of loyalty; but Rome, the most civilized of European capitals, would not have chosen to express her sentiments by means of a crowd of street-roughs, the offscouring of the people, incited by Freemasons to hurl blasphemies against the Pope, insults against the French. The outbreak was in fact more anti-French than anti-Papal, and the inaction of the authorities indicates either complicity with it, or inability to quell it. In reference to the killing of prisoners in New Orleans last March, the *Civiltà* discusses the subject of lynch law in the United States, and explains that lynching—*i.e.*, the practice of punishing men for alleged crimes by private and unauthorized persons without trial by law—is the act of a lawless mob in places where the Government is not sufficiently powerful to control the people, and administer justice in the ordinary way. The subject of preceptive and directive rubrics, on the nature of the distinction between which considerable divergence of opinion appears to exist, is again brought before the reader.

